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GREEN BLOOD
グリーン・ブラッド
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NEW YORK, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 19TH CENTURY... THERE WERE TWO MEN BORN AND RAISED IN FIVE POINTS, WHERE GANGS CONSTANTLY STRUGGLE FOR POWER. HERE, THE GANG'S ASSASSINS AND A YOUNG MAN WHO HATES THEM CLASH. AN EPIC HUMAN DRAMA ABOUT MEN LIVING IN A LAND CALLED THE "WORST SLUM IN THE WORLD" BEGINS HERE!!

Illustration : Kakizaki Masasumi
Cover Design : Ricky for Flamingo Studio, Inc.

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A MANGA BY KAKIZAKI MASASUMI

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the guy who ripped apart his tankōbon, aka:
the moron

moonspeak to american english by:
molokidan (ch. 1-3), ryuujin (ch. 4-7)

cleaning the dirt off the pages, et cetera:
a fabulous cleaning lady and her mop

putting the text in the bubbles:
an unhealthy obsession with fonts & mirrors

qwalyti tchekked by:
the amazing quality squad(2)

ps: buy the damn thing if you liked it.

グリーン・ブラッド

GREEN BLOOD

柿崎正澄
KAKIZAKI MASASUMI

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HA
HA
HA

グリーン・ブラッド

GREEN BLOOD

CHAPTER 1 - GRIM REAPER

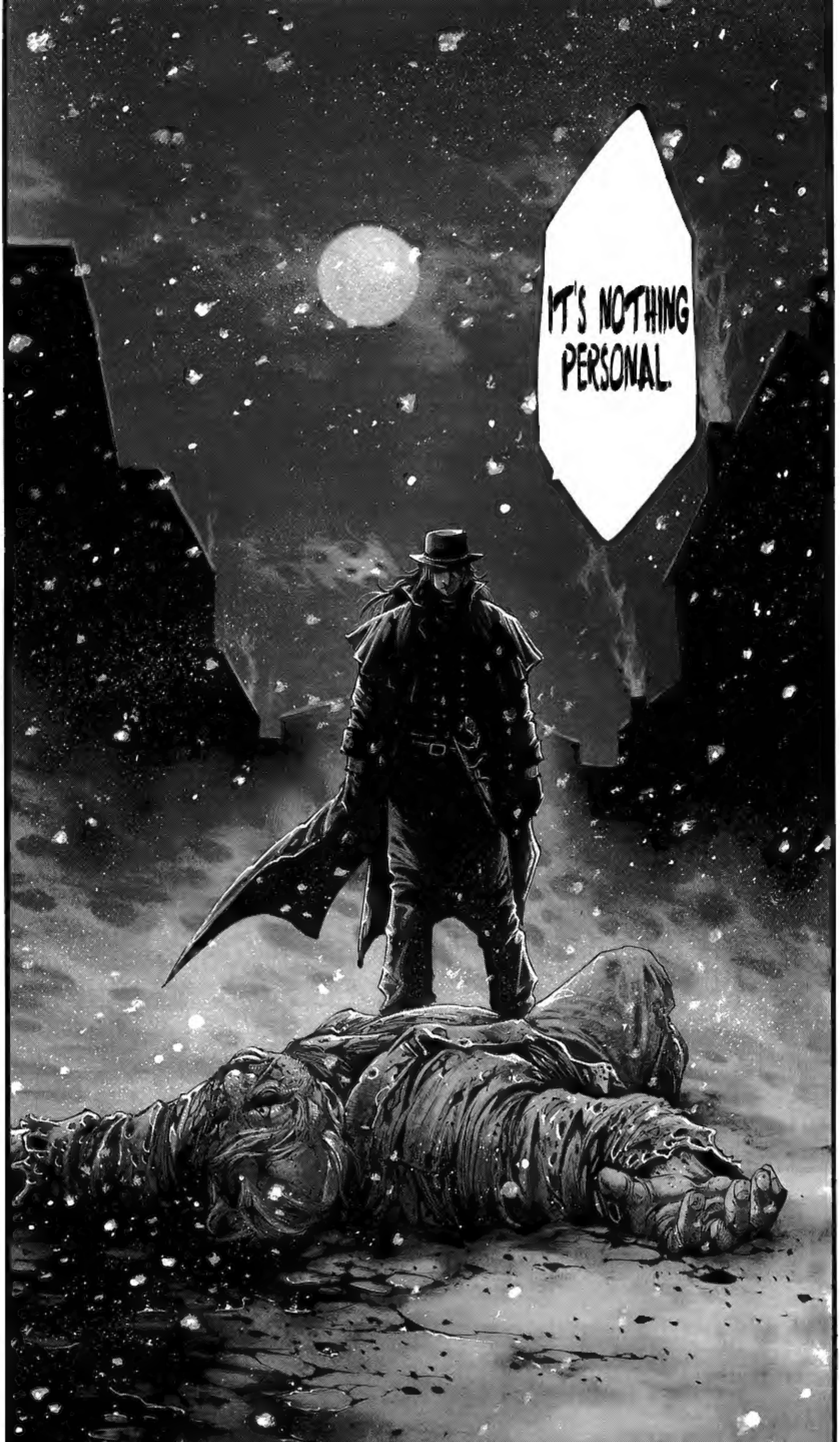
I'D...NEVER... SELL OUT MY BOYS...
H...HAVE MERCY...

THUD

...

SORRY ...

CLACK

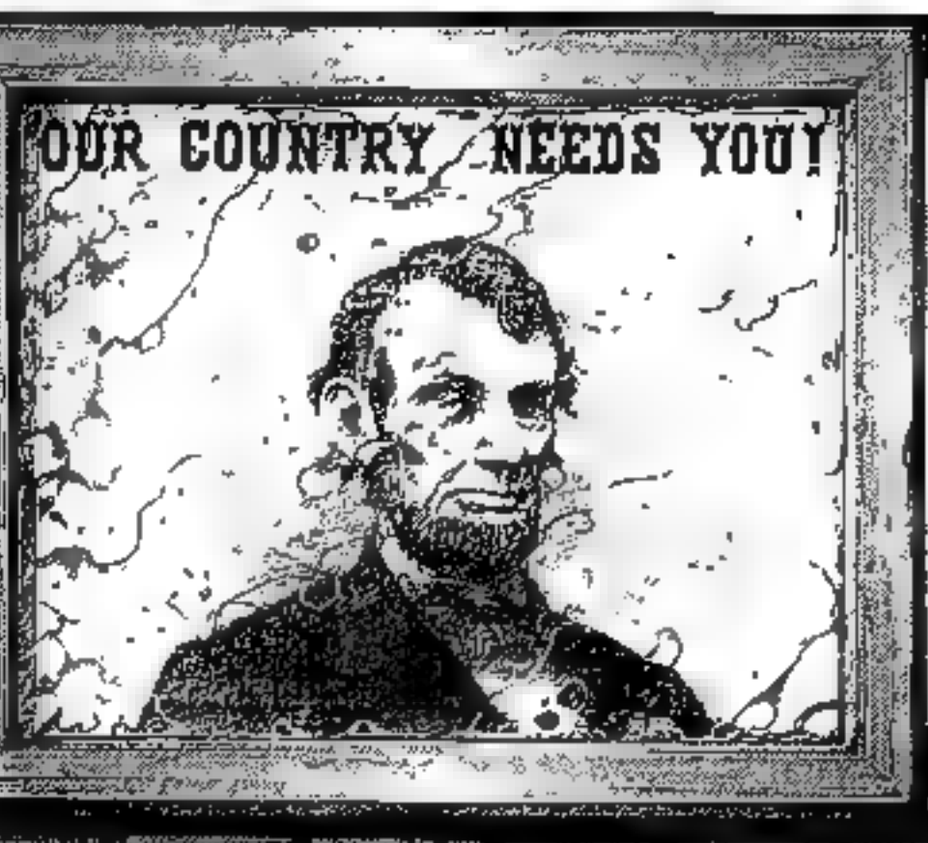

IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL.

APRIL 9, 1865

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA...

AFTER GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCES, ROBERT E. LEE FORFEITED, THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR CAME TO A CLOSE.

HE WAS ASSASSINATED, 5 DAYS LATER...AND THE AGE OF INDUSTRIAL CAPITALISM DREW NEAR, WITHOUT THE GAP BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH EVER BEING FILLED.



RIGHT AFTER PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN BEGAN WORK TO RECONSTRUCT THE SOUTH,

NEW YORK,

MANHATTAN

IT WAS A SEETHING MASS OF IMMIGRANT SHIPS FILLED WITH EUROPEANS WHO HAD GIVEN UP ON THEIR OWN COUNTRY DUE TO SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PRESSURES.

AT THE TIME, NEW YORK HARBOR WAS CALLED "EL DORADO."

BUT ALL THAT AWAITED THEM WERE THE SAME POVERTY AND RELIGIOUS DISCRIMINATION PROBLEMS THEY HAD SUFFERED THROUGH IN THEIR OWN COUNTRIES.

THESE IMMIGRANTS SAW A BRIGHT FUTURE IN THE NEW WORLD,

THE PLACE THEY ALL NATURALLY GATHERED IN WAS NEW YORK.

THE INTERSECTION CREATED BY THESE THREE STREETS...

PARK STREET

WORTH STREET

Paradise Park

Five Points Intersection

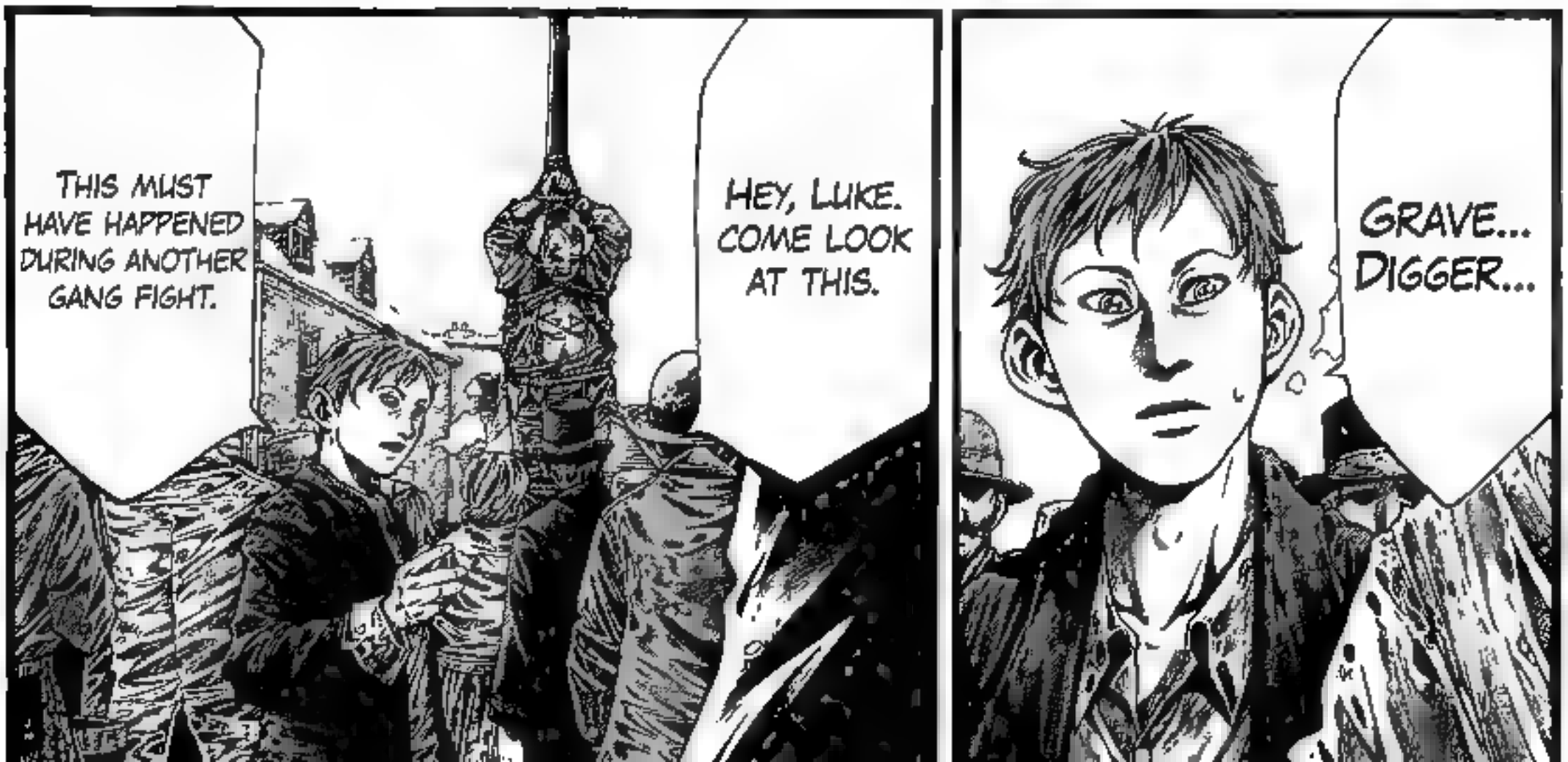
BAXTER STREET

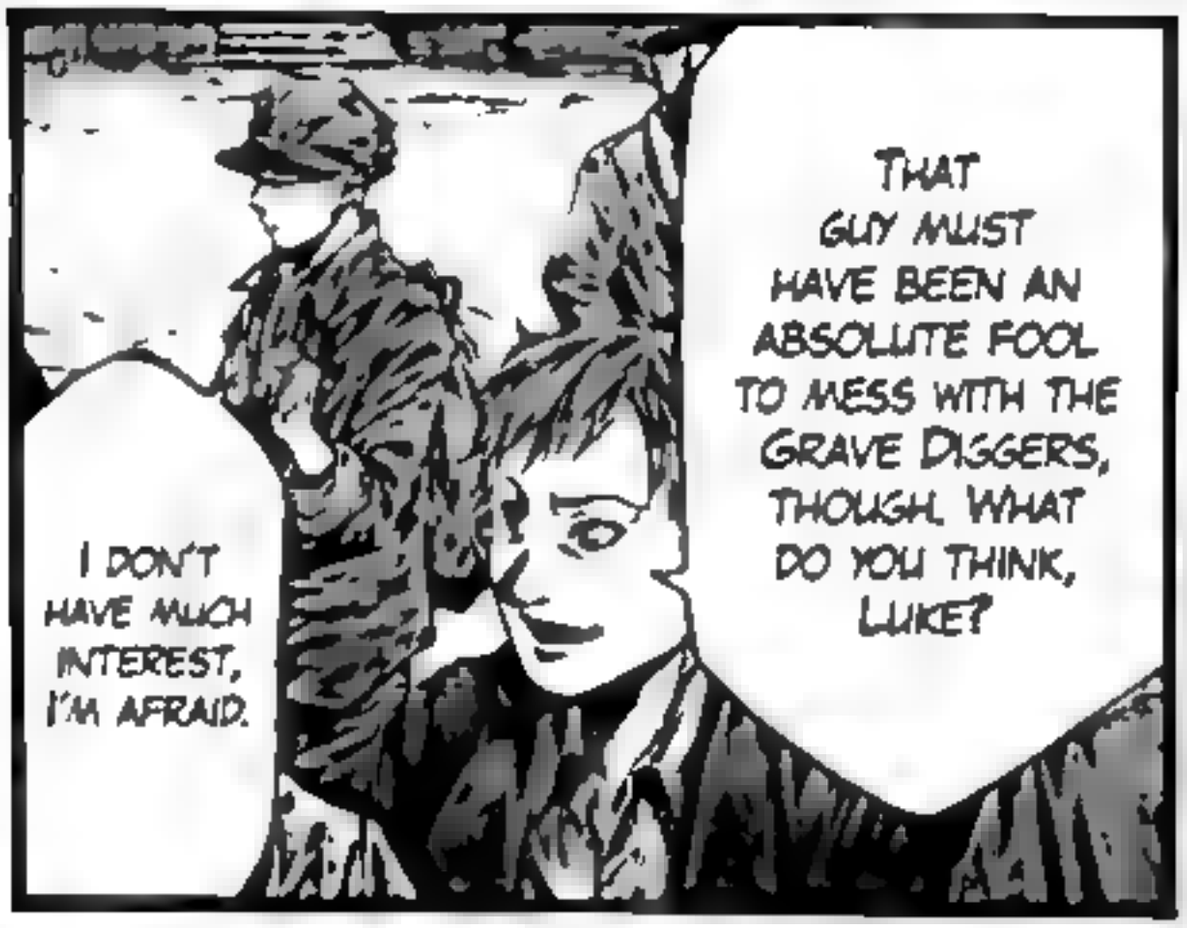
WORTH (PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS ANTHONY), BAXTER (PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS ORANGE), AND PARK (PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS CROSS).

FIVE POINTS

WAS THE 6TH ADMINISTRATIVE DISTRICT OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS THE MOST VILE SLUM IN THE WORLD:

HE'S REALLY BEEN KICKIN' UP A STORM LATELY.
GD. AKA GRAVE DIGGER, RIGHT?
THWACK
THWACK
THWACK
THWACK
THWACK


THIS MUST HAVE HAPPENED DURING ANOTHER GANG FIGHT.
HEY, LUKE. COME LOOK AT THIS.
GRAVE... DIGGER...


I DON'T HAVE MUCH INTEREST, I'M AFRAID.
THAT GUY MUST HAVE BEEN AN ABSOLUTE FOOL TO MESS WITH THE GRAVE DIGGERS, THOUGH. WHAT DO YOU THINK, LUKE?

HEY, WAIT UP!
WE NEED TO HURRY IT UP, OR THE FOREMAN WILL HAVE IT OUT WITH US AGAIN.

MAYBE I'LL JUST QUIT AND JOIN A GANG.

OH YEAH? YOU SHOULD JUST BE THANKFUL YOU HAVE WORK TO DO.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, I'M REALLY SICK OF WORKING AT THIS WHARF DAY IN DAY OUT.

THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL THE AMERICAN DREAM!

IF I JOIN A GANG AND MAKE A NAME FOR MYSELF, I'LL BE ABLE TO GET RICH AND SAY GOODBYE TO THIS PATHETIC LIFE.

YOU IN A GANG, JJ? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

I AIN'T KIDDING.

WHAT?!

HEY, JJ WHERE DOES THE AMERICAN DREAM EXIST AT FIVE POINTS?

PROSTITUTION

ROBBERY.

EVERY CRIME YOU CAN THINK OF HAS IT'S OWN PARADE HERE.

MURDER...

GET OUT OF AMERICA !!!

GO BACK TO IRELAND !!!

BUT WHAT'S THE REALITY?

GO ON, LOOK. EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE COME TO THIS LAND CHASING THEIR DREAMS.

EVEN THE LUCKIEST OF BASTARDS CAN BARELY MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO LIVE ON.

ANYONE WHO ISN'T RICH EITHER DIES IN A DITCH, BECOMES A BEGGAR, OR SELLS THEIR BODY.

ALL THAT'S ON THEIR MINDS IS TEAMING UP WITH POLITICIANS AND PREYING ON PEOPLE.

IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THOSE GANGS...

THE GANGS ARE WHAT IS RUINING THIS CITY.

WHA...

...

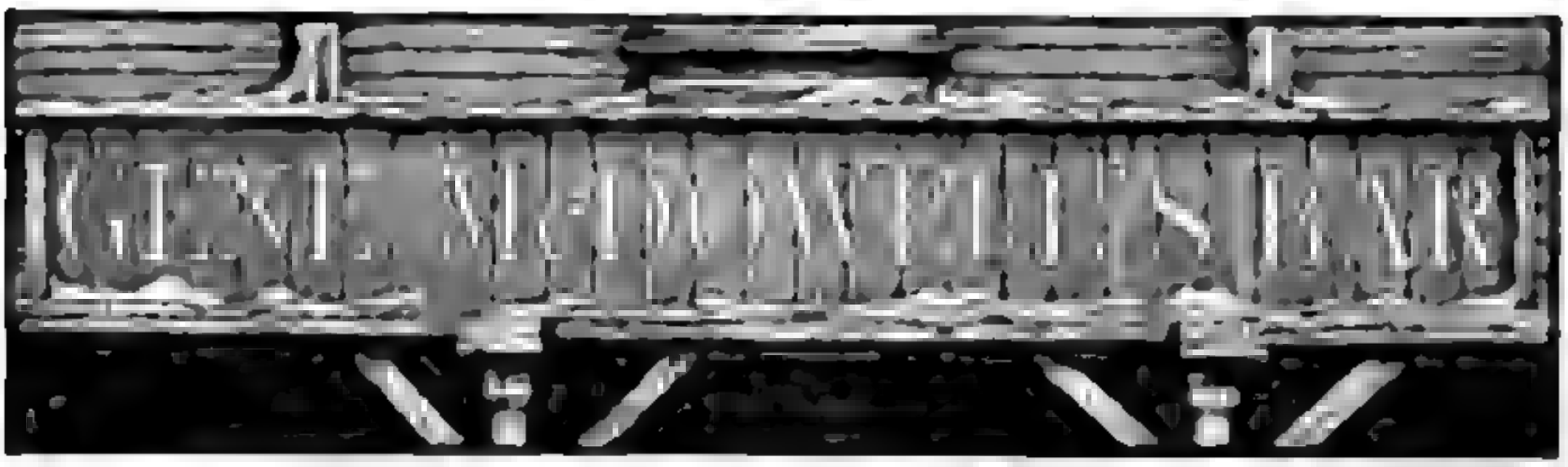
WELL, EITHER WAY, A GUTLESS COWARD LIKE YOU'S GOT NO CHANCE OF JOINING A GANG, JJ.

.....

...ALL RIGHT.

HAHAHA! C'MON, DOUBLE TIME IT.

WHAT'D YOU CALL ME, YOU BASTARD ...?!


GENTLEMEN'S DEN

YEAH, YOU MEAN THE GUY IN THE SCARF?
AH "HE" BY WAY OF YOU SEE WHAT THEY STEAL IF THIS HISTORY

THE GRIM REAPER?

THE FELLA THAT DID HIM IN, WAS IT OUR HITMAN AGAIN?

THEY SAY THAT BASTARD WAS SELLING INFORMATION ABOUT US TO OTHER GANGS.

SWISH

HE'S ONE HELLUVA HITMAN.

I GUESS SO... HE'S DONE OVER 20 JOBS IN THIS PAST YEAR.

YE REAP WHAT YE SOW.

THE GRIM REAPER CAN KISS MY ASS.

ENOUGH OF THIS BULLSHIT.

Y...YESSIR, MR. KIP.

C'MON, NEXT! GIT YER CARD OUT ALREADY!

BOY AM I TUCKERED OUT.

THAT OLD MAN LOVES TO WORK ME LIKE A HORSE.

SEE YA TOMORROW, THEN.

DON'T SLACK OFF NOW.

YEAH, SEE YA.

SEE, JJ? HONEST WORK MAKES YOU FEEL MUCH MORE ACCOMPLISHED THAN WORKING IN SOME GANG, DOESN'T IT?

GIMME A BREAK.

CRACK

!?

VOOOOOM

AND CHECK HER PARCEL.

I DON'T CARE. GIT 'ER CLOTHES OFF.

RUSTLE

NO! HELP ME!

AW, COME ON. THIS BITCH DOESN'T HAVE NOTHIN' WORTH ANY-THIN'!

HEY!

STOP IT.

THAT'S ENOUGH.

H... HELP ME...

WHAT DO YOU WANT, KID? THIS AIN'T NO SIDESHOW.

BEAT IT.

YOU'RE IMMIGRANTS TOO, SO YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW SHE FEELS.

SHE CAME HERE LOOKING FOR FREEDOM...

SHE JUST GOT OFF THE BOAT TODAY.

WAIT...

CAN I DO 'IM?

I THINK THIS BOY FASHIONS HIMSELF A PLAYWRIGHT ...!

IT TOOK HER WEEKS TO REACH THIS LAND.

FREEDOM, EH...?

I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.

THANK YOU...

TH...

SAY THANKS TO THAT BOY THERE. I'M GONNA SET YOU FREE.

AREN'T YOU THE LUCKY ONE, MISS.

WHA?!

GOOD...

NOW SHE'S FREE.

SQUELCH

SQUELCH

SLASH

GRAB

HOW COULD YOU DO THAT ?!

NOW WHAT, BOY?

NOW WE'RE DOWN AND OUT.

WE WERE PLANNING ON SELLING THAT BITCH OFF, YOU KNOW.

WE DON'T GO HOME EMPTY-HANDED, RIGHT?

YOU'RE GONNA MAKE SURE...

GLINT

NOT ONLY DID YOU GET IN OUR WAY, BUT YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE ANYTHING ON YA...

YOU'RE REALLY A TROUBLE-MAKER...

HEY, THE KID'S ONLY GOT 50 CENTS ON HIM.

CLINK

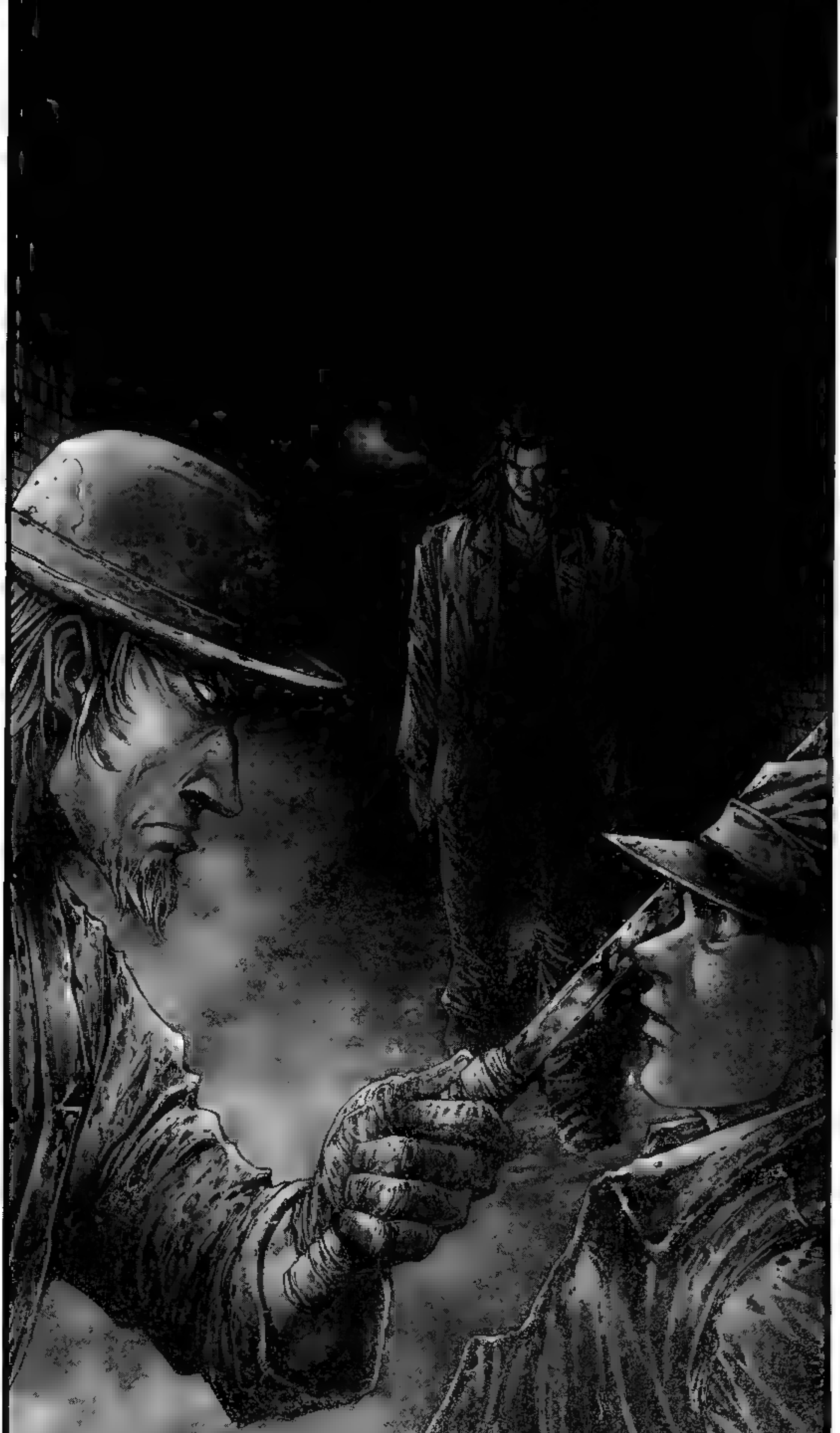
... SHEEIT.

I SHOULD SET YOU FREE TOO?

MAYBE...

WHEN YOU GET IN THE WAY OF OTHERS' BUSINESS.

LET ME TEACH YOU WHAT HAPPENS ...

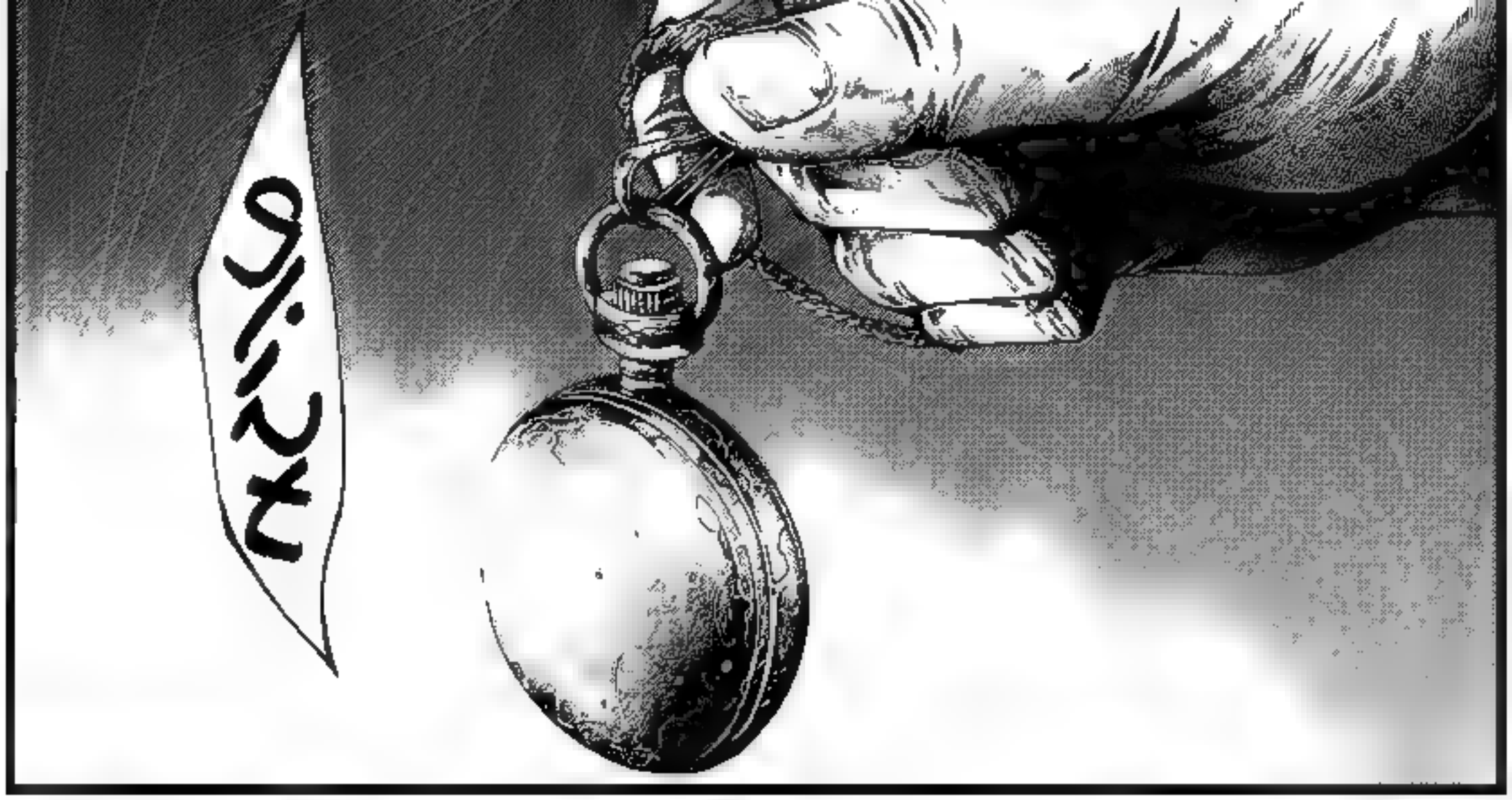


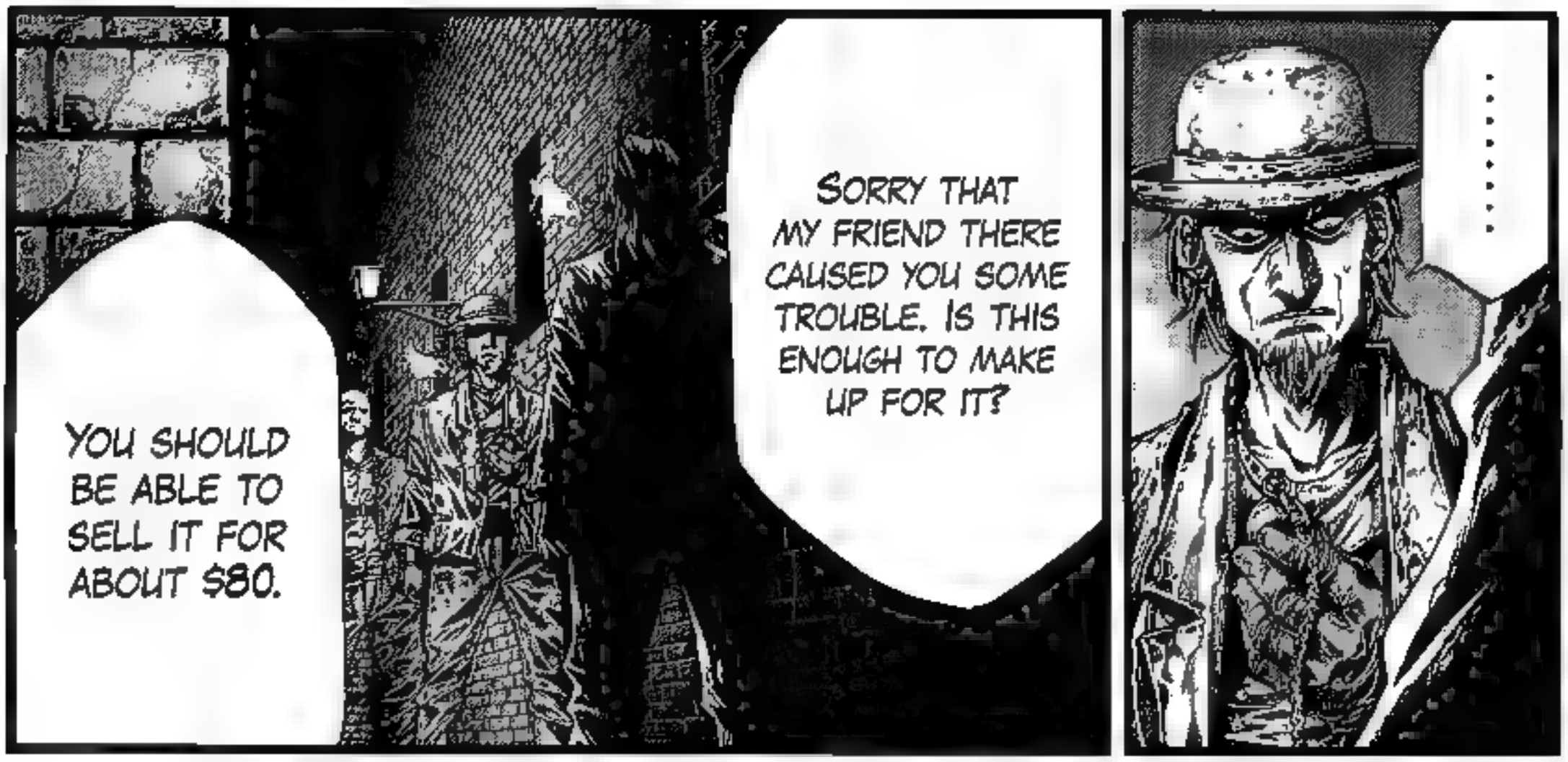
AH...

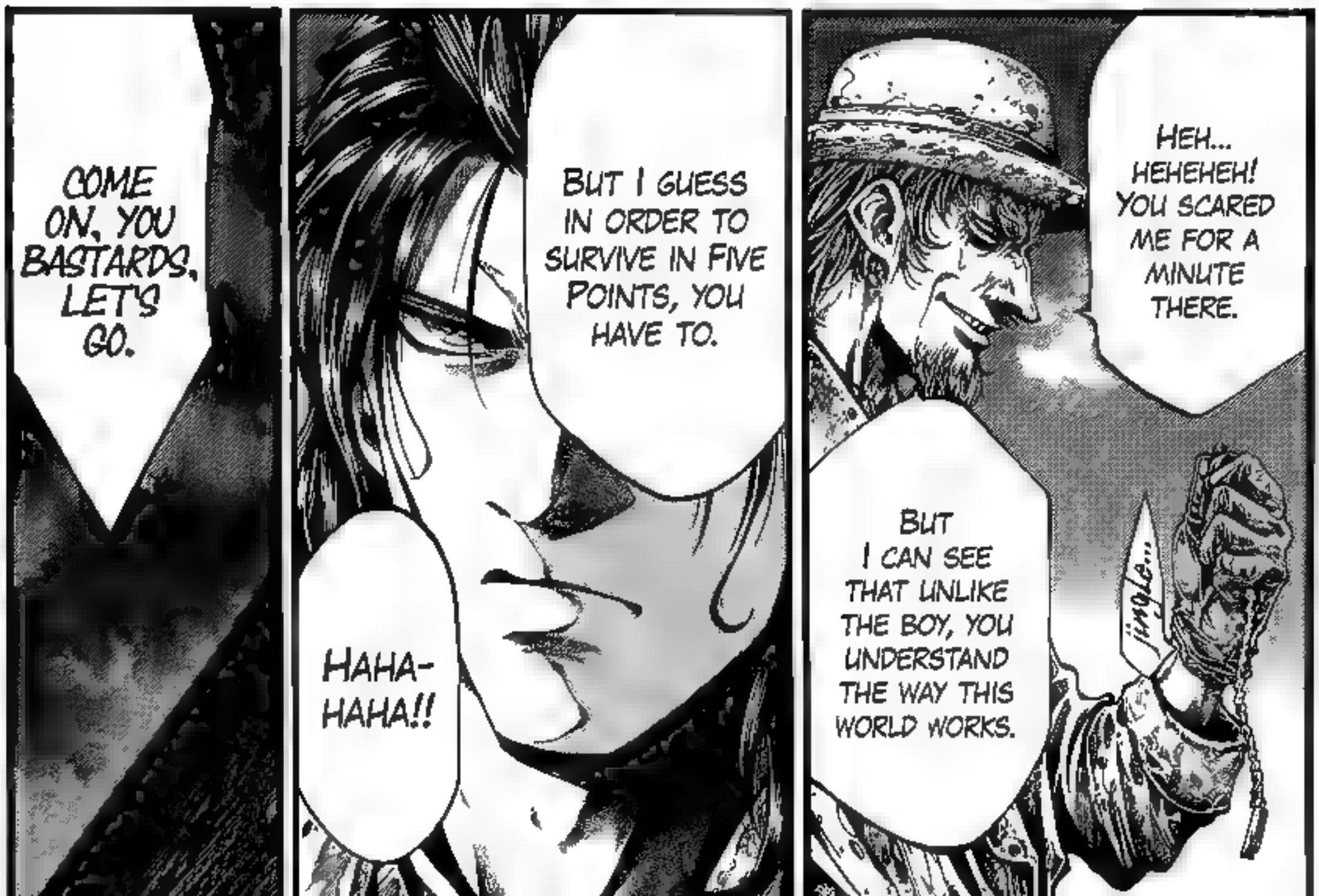
WOAH!! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

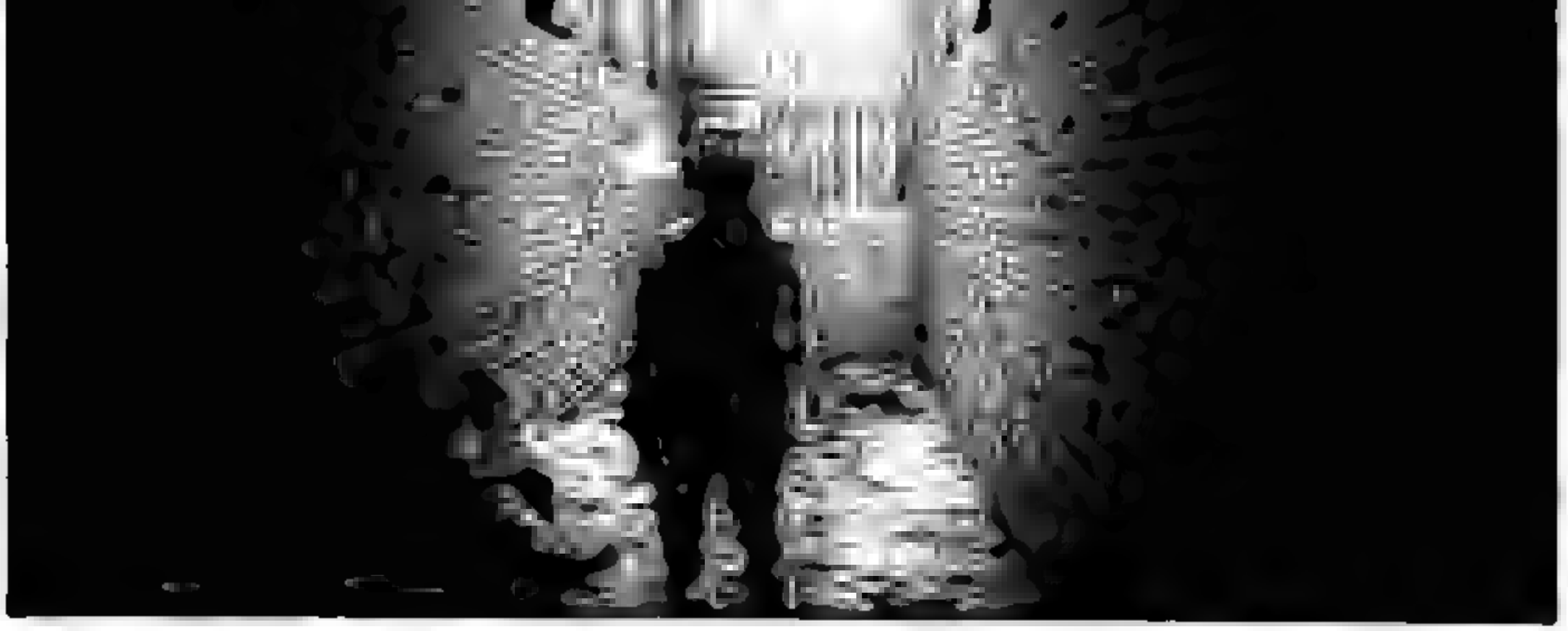
SWERVE

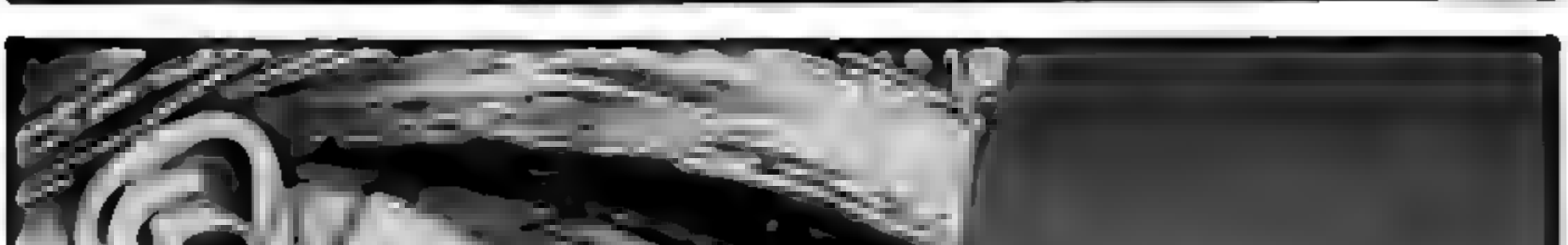
jingle...


SNIKT!

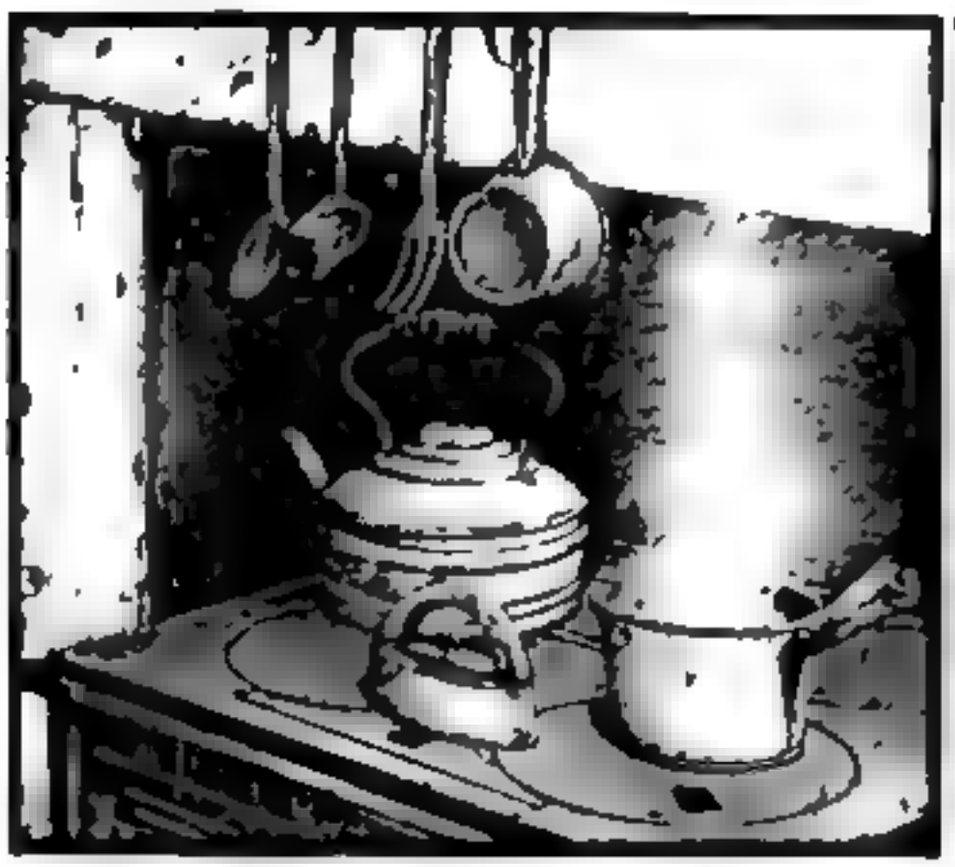

YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SELL IT FOR ABOUT $80.
SORRY THAT MY FRIEND THERE CAUSED YOU SOME TROUBLE. IS THIS ENOUGH TO MAKE UP FOR IT?
.....

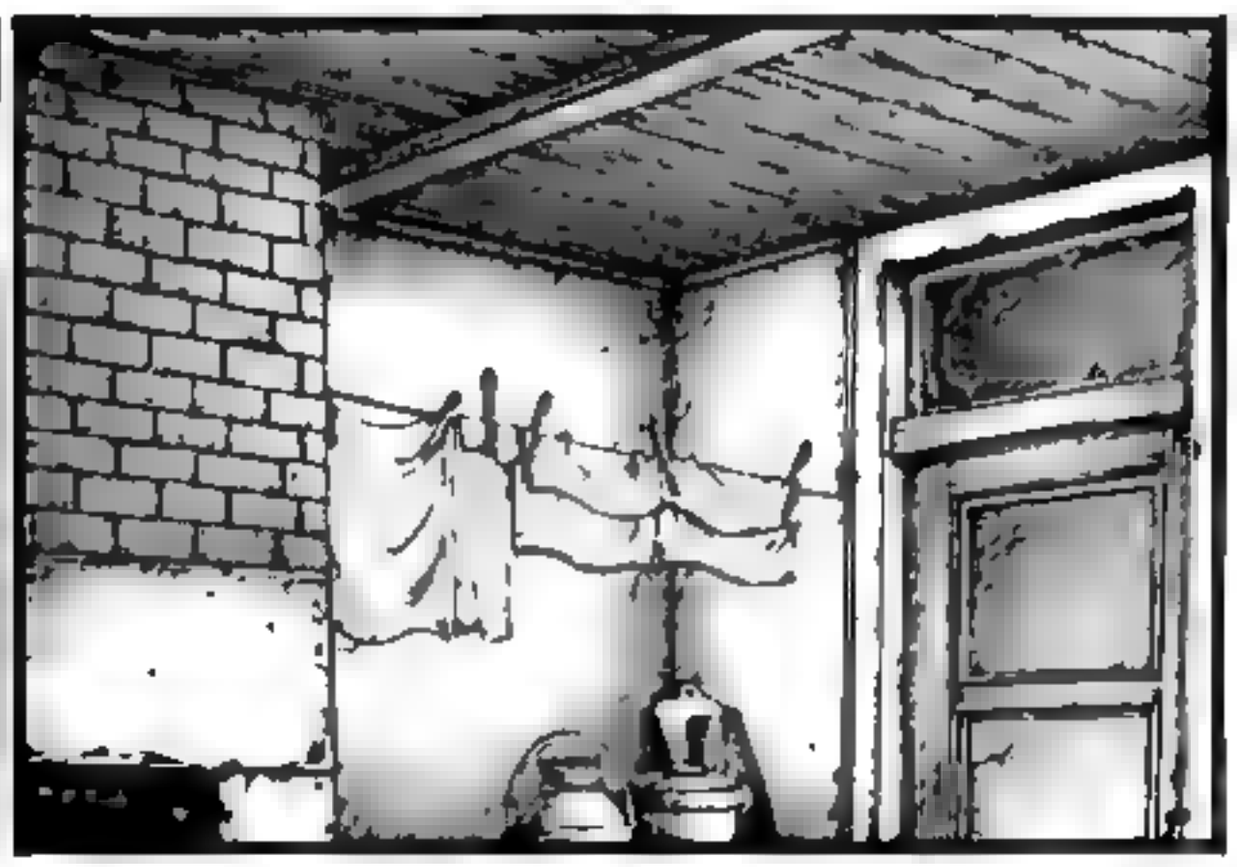

COME ON, YOU BASTARDS, LET'S GO.
BUT I GUESS IN ORDER TO SURVIVE IN FIVE POINTS, YOU HAVE TO.
HAHA-HAHA!!
HEH... HEHEHEH! YOU SCARED ME FOR A MINUTE THERE.
BUT I CAN SEE THAT UNLIKE THE BOY, YOU UNDERSTAND THE WAY THIS WORLD WORKS.
jingle...





I'M SORRY...
BROTHER...





THEY TOOK ALL OF TODAY'S WAGES FROM ME.
AND...

BROTHER ...ARE YOU MAD?
HM? WHY WOULD I BET

CLANG

THAT WAS DAD'S MEMENTO, WASN'T IT?

SIP

THAT WATCH ...

AND PLUS,

SIP

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. IT WAS A CHEAP TRINKET.

...I KNOW THAT MEDDLESOME NATURE OF YOURS

WILL NEVER CHANGE AS LONG AS YOU LIVE.

WELL, SORRY FOR MEDDLING.

YOU WENT TO GO LOOK FOR A JOB TODAY, DIDN'T YOU?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHAT? A JOB! YOUR JOB!

SO HOW DID TODAY GO?

IT DIDN'T GO WELL.

.....

WITH WHAT?

DON'T WORRY.

AND I EVEN LOST ALL MY WAGES TODAY...

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. HOW LONG ARE YOU GONNA LET YOUR BROTHER KEEP SUPPORTING YOU FOR?

I'VE GOT TO GET UP EARLY AGAIN TOMORROW, SO I'M GONNA HIT THE HAY.

HMPH.

.....

WE'RE GONNA GET RICH SOMEDAY AND HIGH TAIL IT OUT OF HERE, RIGHT?

ALRIGHT.

I'LL WAIT, BUT I'M NOT EXPECTING ANYTHING.

CLANG

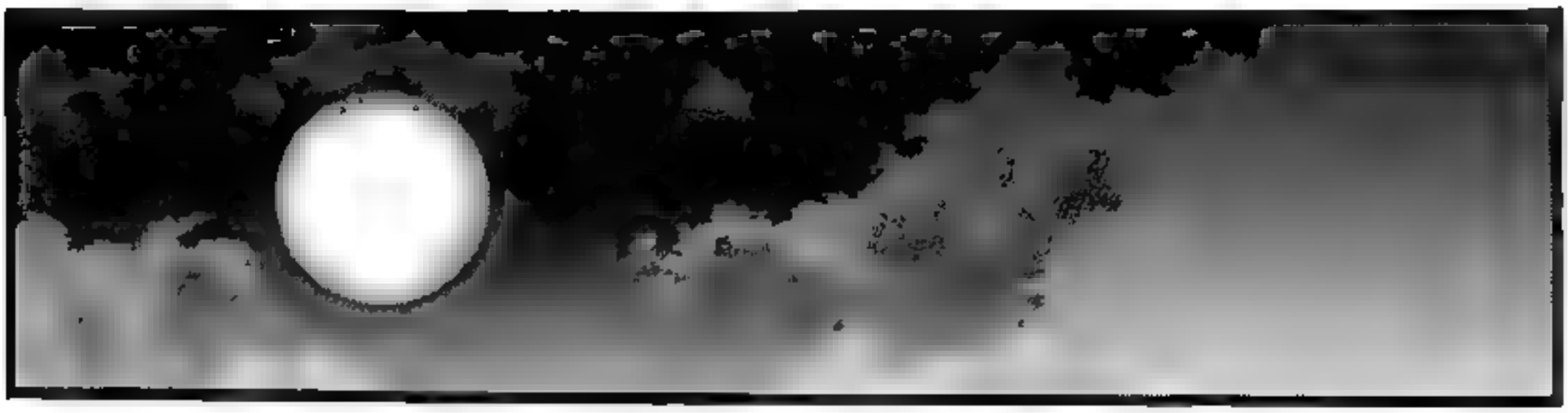
JUST LEAVE IT TO ME.

HURRY UP AND SLEEP,

YA DAMN KID.

I DON'T NEED YOU TO TELL ME TO,

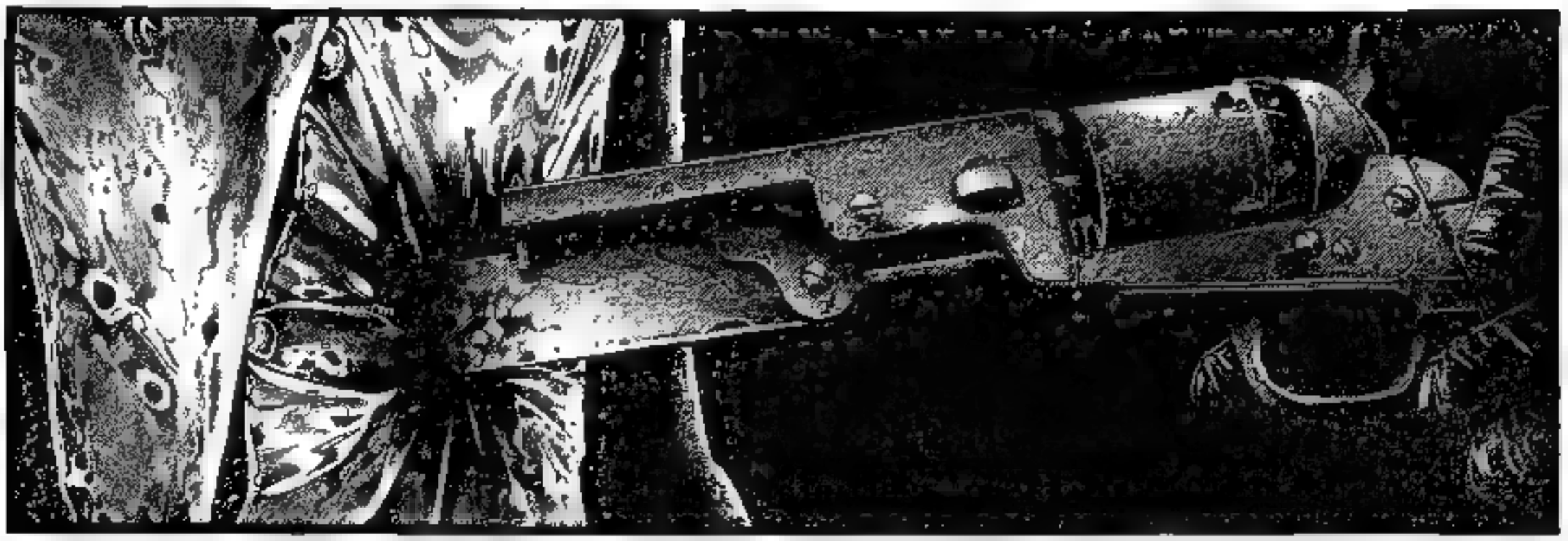
YOU USELESS BROTHER.



CRAK

CRACK
CRACK
CRACK

BLAM



STAB
YOU LAID A HAND...
ON MY LITTLE BROTHER...
STAB
BRRRR
THERE'S ONE THING, THOUGH,
THAT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE ...
BBHHH
BBHHH
I DON'T CARE WHO YOU KILL, OR WHAT KIND OF WOMEN YOU ATTACK.
DO AS YOU LIKE.
BBHHH

THAT...

...SEALED YOUR FATE.

SIDE

SIDE

SIDE

YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THI...

GRAB

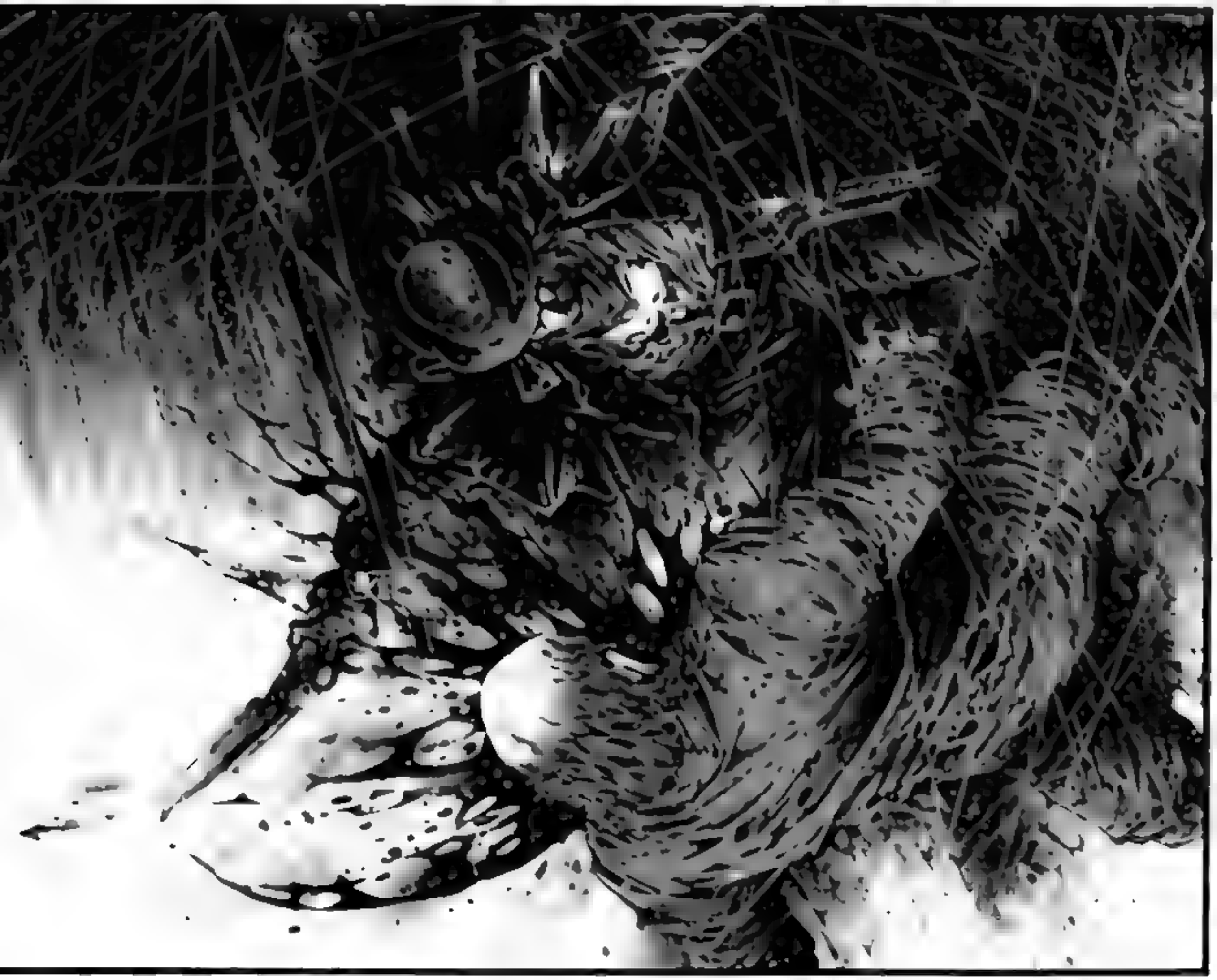
Y... YOU BASTARD!

GD

GRAVE DIGGER...

...G...D...

GD



SPURT

SPURT

SPURT

A GUN-SWORD...

A LONG BLACK TRENCHOAT...

CARRYING...

YOU...

I KNOW ...YOU...

...GRAVE DIGGERS...

YOU'RE THE HITMAN OF THE...

THE GRIM REAPER.

OPEN

CLINK

RUSTLE

THE 6TH ADMINIS-TRATIVE DISTRICT OF NEW YORK,

FIVE POINTS.

GD
GD

IN THE VILEST SLUM IN THE WORLD.
OVER 20 GANGS EXIST HERE...

Putrid streets lined with bars and brothels, filled with the sounds of rape and robbery at night, echoing with the screams of the weak...in this ungodly place, Brad and Luke Burns, two blood brothers, live on powerfully, with nothing to depend on...

Chapter 1 / END

Chapter 2 Police Officer

THE VILEST SLUM IN THE WORLD: FIVE POINTS, NEW YORK...

THE ONES WHO CHANGED FIVE POINTS INTO A NO-MAN'S-LAND...

PROSTITUTION, ROBBERY, MURDER ...IT WAS A HOTBED FOR ALL TYPES OF CRIME.

BACK STREET PUBS AND DANCE HALLS,

WERE THE CRIMINAL ORGANIZATIONS BORN FROM...

THE GANGS.

SNAP!

CHATTER

CHATTER

CHATTER

CHATTER

CHATTER

CHATTER

THE GRAVE DIGGERS CAN KISS MY ASS.

TWIST

THEY MAY HAVE HAD A LOT OF AUTHORITY IN THE PAST, BUT NOW THEY'RE NOTHIN' BUT A LOWLY IRISH GANG RUN BY A BUNCH OF OLD COOTS.

BAM

D... DO YOU BASTARDS KNOW WHO YOU ARE DEALING WITH?

I'M FROM THE GRAVE DIGGERS...

JAB

AND NOW IT'S THE AGE OF THE IRON BUTTERFLY.

CLICK...

TIMES'VE CHANGED.

CLEAR THE PATH!

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT? THIS AIN'T NO SIDESHOW!

CHATTER

CHATTER

CHATTER

CHATTER

CHATTER

CONSTANTLY BATTLING FOR CONTROL OF THE TOWN, DAY AND NIGHT.

MANY GANGS PATROLLED FIVE POINTS DURING THE MID 19TH CENTURY...

SHEEIT...

THIS IS QUITE THE SPECTACLE WE'VE GOT HERE.

KLAK

YEAH... THANKS.

HERE'S THIS WEEK'S PORTION, THEN.

HEHEH...DON'T FRET OVER IT... IT'S GIVE-AND-TAKE OUT HERE.

AND SO, DEBTS FORMED BETWEEN THE CORRUPT GOVERNMENT, POLICE, AND THE GANGS.

MONEY WAS CAPABLE OF KEEPING GANG CRIMES SILENT.

THE POLITICIANS AND THE POLICE USED THE GANGS FOR BRIBES AND VOTE BUYING.

IN FIVE POINTS,
NEITHER LAW NOR JUSTICE EXISTED.

PAT
PAT

Luke Burns
(younger brother)

Brad Burns
(older brother)

HOW LONG ARE YOU GONNA KEEP SLEEPING FOR?!
YOU FOOL!
HURRY AND GET UP!
5 MORE MINUTES...

DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU FOUND A JOB YESTERDAY?

HOW DID IT GO?

BOIL BOIL

BOIL BOIL

GOT WORK?

YEAH.

...

THIS ECONOMIC SLUMP IS REALLY A BOTHER...THERE ISN'T A SINGLE EASY JOB LEFT OUT THERE.

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, THEN WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ESCAPE THIS HOLE.

...COME ON...

YEAH... I KNOW.

MAKE SURE YOU GO JOB HUNTING TODAY.

CLACK

ALRIGHT THEN, I'M OFF TO WORK.

UMM...

YEAH! NOW GO OUT THERE AND MAKE YOUR BROTHER PROUD!

GEMSTONE JEWELLERS LTD

Grave Diggers Founder:
Gene McDowell

MR. GENE.

...NOW JUST HOLD ON ONE MINUTE,

STARE...

WE HAVEN'T BEEN MAKING MUCH LATELY. THIS IS AS MUCH AS I CAN AFFORD.

MY, MY. WHEN THE WORLD-FAMOUS GRAVE DIGGERS GO AND BECOME A BUNCH OF LILY LIVERS?

THIS IS ALL YOU'VE GOT FOR THIS WEEK?

ONE DOLLAR

NOW, I KNOW IT AIN'T EASY.

I EVEN HEARD ONE OF YOUR BOYS GOT KILLED YESTERDAY.

...

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES RISKING YOUR LIVELIHOOD, YOU KNOW.

ANYWAY. I CAN'T PROTECT THE LOT O' YA WITH THIS.

.....

WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

PLOP

PLOP

POP

WHO KNOWS WHAT THE TRUTH IS, THOUGH ...

AND A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME IT WAS THE WORK OF IRON BUTTERFLY...

WHAT, THEN...

JUST SAYING, IRON BUTTERFLY'S REALLY BEEN RACKING IT UP LATELY. I'M ENVIOUS.

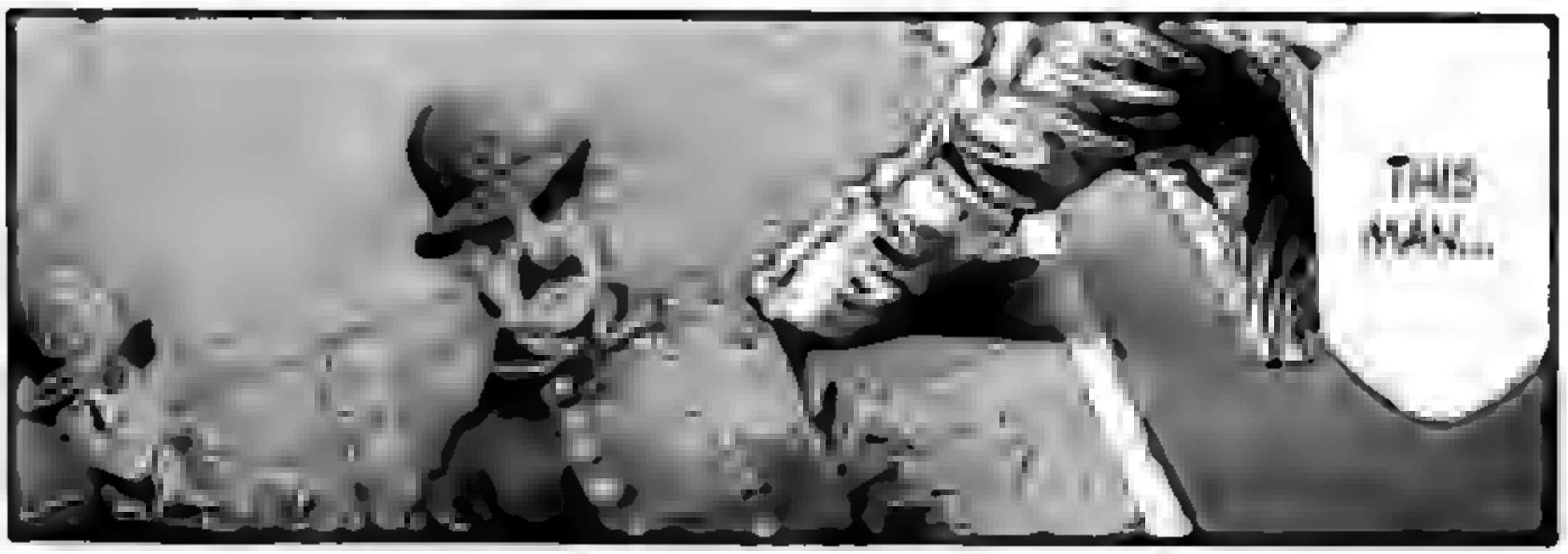
AIN'T GOT ONE.

WITH IRON BUTTERFLY?

YOU WANT TO START A WAR...

IT'S JUST, WE OFFICERS OF THE LAW EARN OUR WAGES FROM WIPING THE ASSES OF MEN LIKE YOU...ALL WE WANT IS A JUST PRICE FOR OUR SERVICES.

HAHAHAHA! I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR.


THIS MAN...

I SEE
THIS HAS BEEN ONE HELL OF A RIDE
HE'S BACKING IRON BUTTERFLY...
AND I HEAR HER ROLLING IN IT.

ARE YOU ASKING ME TO KILL HIM...?

BUT I'M STILL A POLICE OFFICER.

HAHAHA! I MAY BE CORRUPT,

THEN I'D BECOME THE BACKER FOR IRON BUTTERFLY.

AND I WOULDN'T NEED TO KEEP ASKING YOU FOR MONEY.

I WOULD NOT ASK YOU TO KILL ONE OF MY OWN COMRADES.

IT'S JUST... IF HE WERE TO DISAPPEAR,

YOU SHOULD UNDER-STAND...

YOU'RE A SMART MAN, MR. GENE.

WASHING AT THIS HOUR, BRAD?

THJ

GOT A PROBLEM WITH IT?

SURB SURB

SURB

SURB SURB

SCRUB

LEAVE ME BE.

YOU COULDN'T BE MORE OF A BAD BROTHER IF YOU TRIED, YOU KNOW.

WELL, AUNTIE.

TELL ME JUST HOW YOU TWO WERE ABLE TO GROW UP SO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.

HE'S SO YOUNG, AND YET HE'S GOT HIMSELF TOGETHER... HE'S A FINE BOY.

AND YET YOUR LITTLE BROTHER, LUKE...

IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF HIS OLDER BROTHER'S TEACHINGS.

EXCUSE ME? I'M THE MANAGER OF THIS TENEMENT! THIS IS MY JOB!

SHUT UP, YOU OLD HAG. YOU DON'T HAVE ONE EITHER!

YEAH, THAT'S A GOOD ONE. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A JOB!

THE NEXT SHIP'LL LEAVE!

HURRY UP AND MOVE IT!

IF YOU WANT MONEY, MOVE THEM LEGS!

YOU WORTH-LESS IRISH BUMS!

HEY! STOP DILLY-DALLY-IN'!

HEY, YOU! STOP RESTING!

15 MINUTE BREAK !!!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, JJ?

I'M SO SICK OF THIS JOB! I'M QUITTING!

LAND OF DREAMS MY ASS!

FUCK!

AND IMMIGRANTS LIKE US CAN ONLY MAKE 50 CENTS A DAY IF WE'RE LUCKY.

DAY IN AND DAY OUT, WE GET TREATED LIKE SHIT.

I CAN BEAR IT. FOR MY DREAMS.

...BUT NO MATTER HOW BAD IT HURTS,

HAHAHA. OF COURSE IT DOES. MY BODY FEELS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TO FALL APART.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU CAN KEEP DOING THIS JOB WITHOUT MAKING A SINGLE COMPLAINT... DOESN'T IT HURT?!

WE'RE FREE TO DREAM...

AREN'T WE...?

DREAM, HUH...

GENE McDOWELL'S BAR

BOSS...

BUT...

WHAT ABOUT NOW...?

BASICALLY BELONGED TO US.

15 YEARS AGO, FIVE POINTS...

HE'S GOT A JOB.

TELL THE GRIM REAPER...

I'M HOME!

WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY?

WELL?

HEY, BRAD, ON MY WAY HOME, I SAW A SIGN LOOKING FOR WORKERS FOR MR. SMITH'S TEXTILE MILL.

OH REALLY ...?

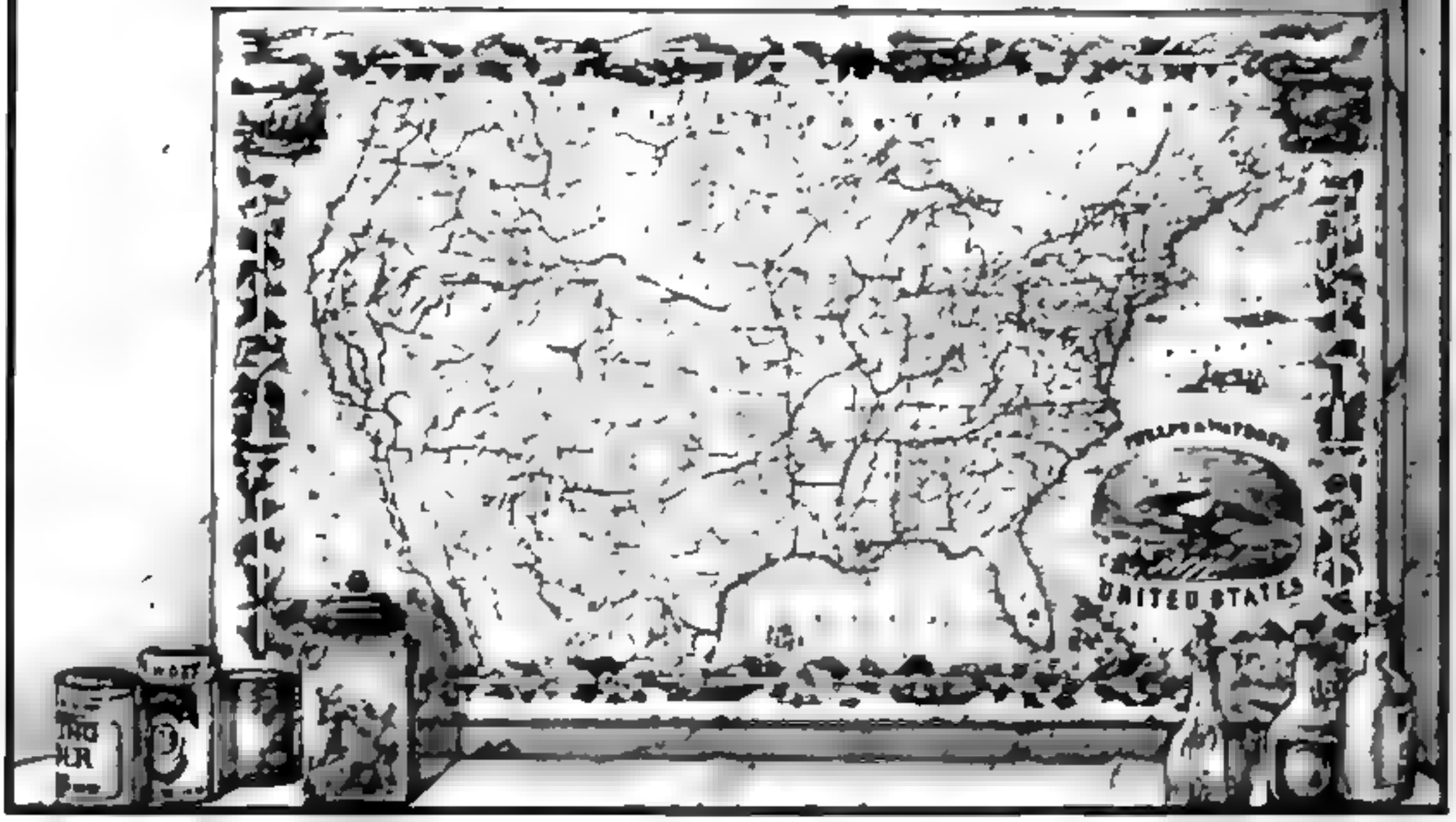
.....

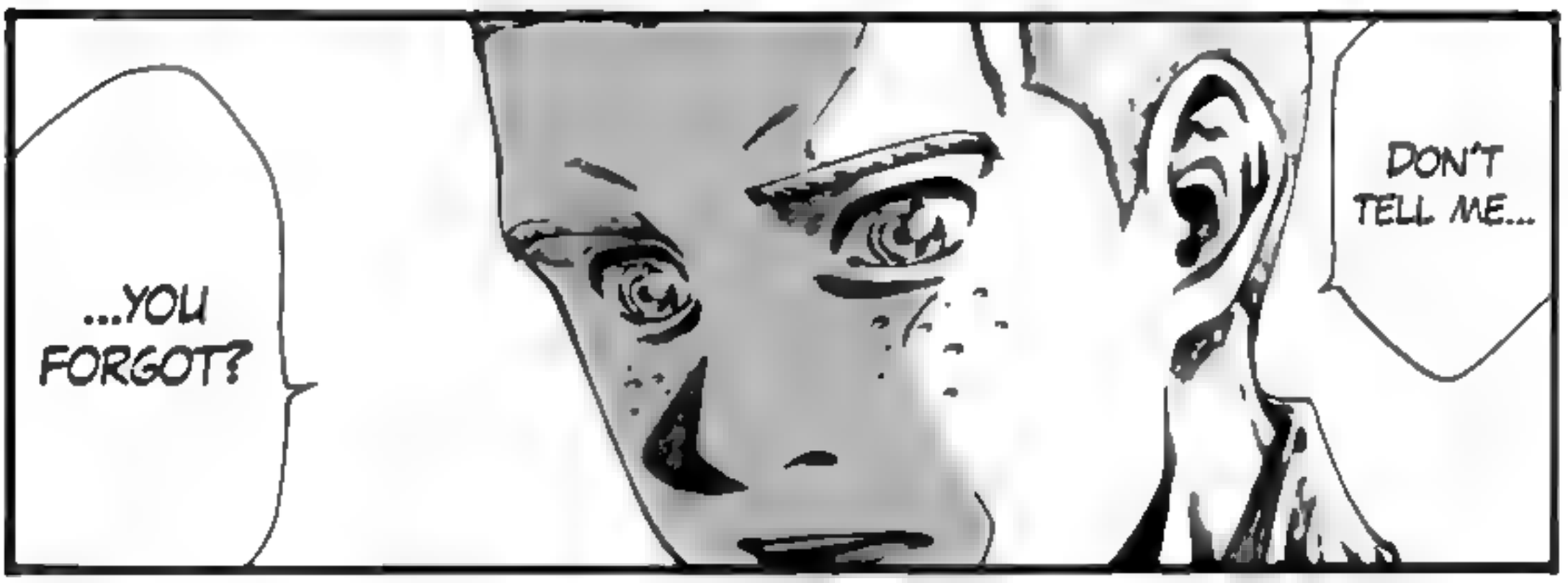
UMMM... WOKE UP AT NOON, DID THE WASH, FOUGHT WITH THE OLD LADY...

COME ON, BRAD! I'M COUNTING ON YOU!

WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SAVE UP ANY MONEY THIS WAY.

CLINK


PHILIPPINES
UNITED STATES


...YOU FORGOT?
DON'T TELL ME...

HM?
HEY, BRAD...

WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE, RIGHT?
SOME-DAY...

A BIG PLOT OF LAND JUST FOR YOU AND ME..

THEN WE'LL FIND A BIG PLOT OF LAND IN THE FRONTIER.

I KNOW...

YEAH...

"Help Wanted: No Irish Need Apply" with America, a society of Protestants, the Catholic Irish were treated like scum, and discriminated against in the workplace...the only real jobs the hated Irish could work were hard labor jobs...at the wharf and on the railroad, or use their fighting prowess in a gang.

YOUR NEXT TARGET.

THAT'S...

YOU JUST NEED TO DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.

THAT'S RIGHT. DON'T ASK ABOUT THE DETAILS.

A POLICE OFFICER...?

.....

YOU'LL GET THE REST...

ONCE THE JOB'S FINISHED.

HERE IS YOUR ADVANCE PAY. $5.

GOT IT...

NOW I KNOW WHY PEOPLE CALL YOU THE GRIM REAPER.

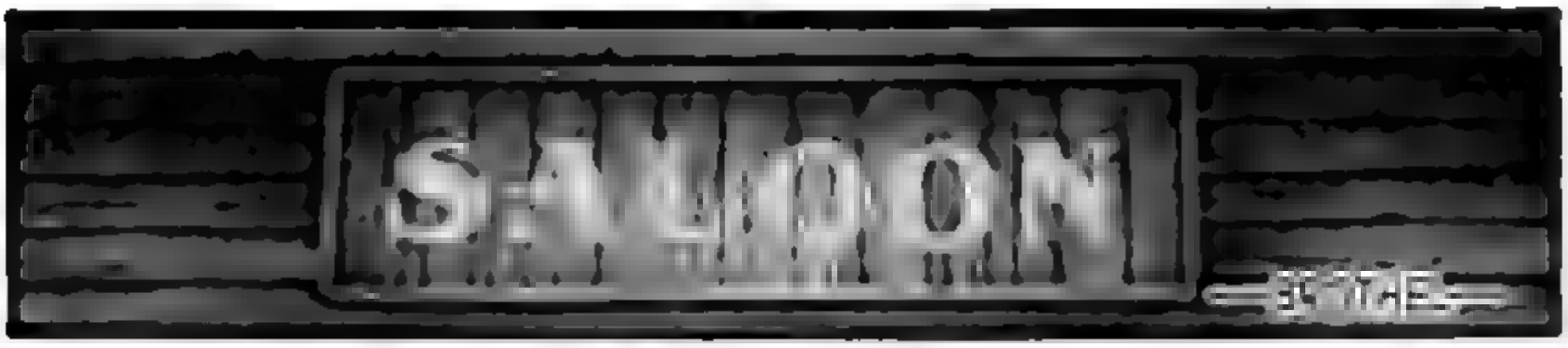
HEH! WHY YOU ALWAYS GOTTA MAKE THOSE CREEPY EYES?

BRAD.

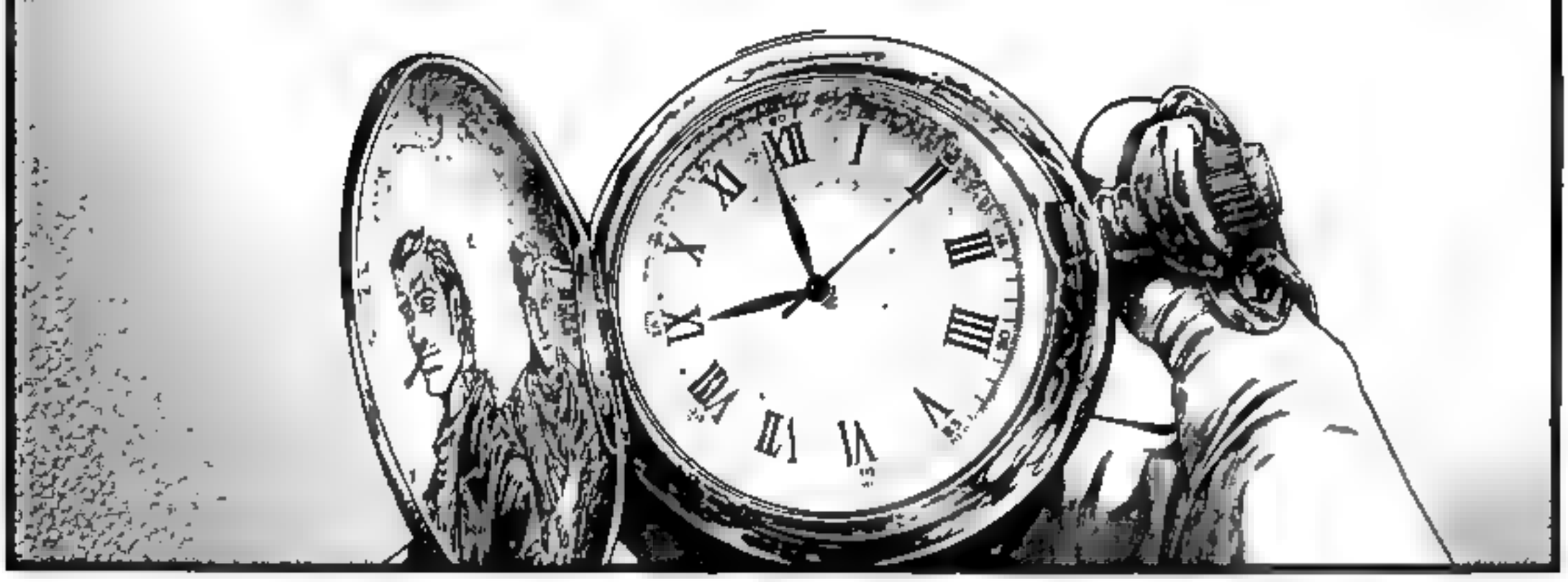
WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU,

Chapter 2 / END

Chapter 3 โอกุน



GO



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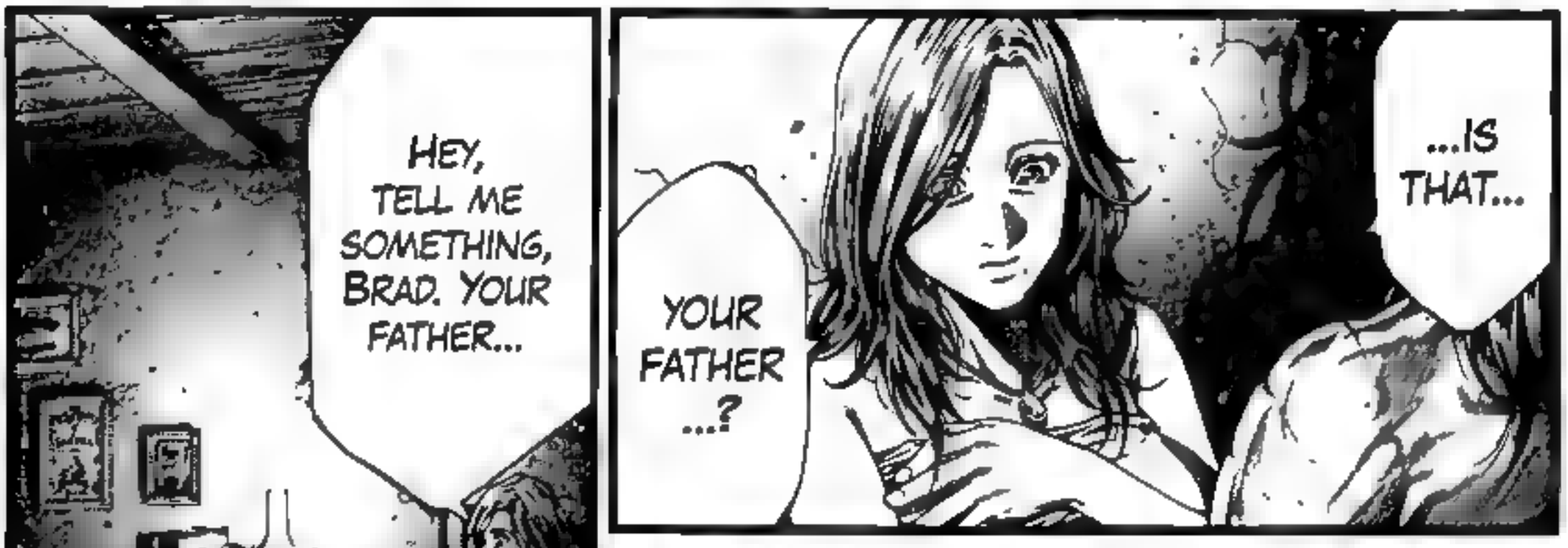

HEY, TELL ME SOMETHING, BRAD. YOUR FATHER...
EMMA...
YOUR FATHER ...?
...IS THAT...
YEAH...
.....
CLICK

PLEASE.

IT'S TIME.

TUG

TUG

MMM.

OKAY.

CLINK

POP

NOT ONLY THAT,

BUT IF YOUR BROTHER FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS...

PULL

BRAD... HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT STOPPING?

RUFFLE

EVERY JOB YOU DO IS SO DANGEROUS...

CLICK CLICK

HOW LONG IS THIS GOING TO GO ON FOR?

BRAD...

CRACK

MY GOAL.

UNTIL I ACHIEVE...

clink...

EMMA...

SALOON

SEE YOU LATER,

Brad Burns is prepared to descend into Hell. He has absolutely no intention to confess the sins he's committed and beg for forgiveness from God. All he prays for at Church is one thing ...a chance to take a man who should truly be killed with him into the depths of Hell. That is Brad Burns' prayer to God.

'BOUT WHAT?
STEP
I'M GREEN WITH ENVY.

THAT'S RIGHT. A GANG FULL OF ROTTEN MISERS WHO NEVER GIVE UP EVEN A PINCH OF THEIR PROFITS.
HAHAHA! SOUNDS ROUGH.
I GUESS. YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF...
THE GRAVE DIGGERS, RIGHT?
ABOUT WHAT, MR. ALBERT? ABOUT IRON BUTTERFLY BEING UNDER YOUR JURISDICTION, THAT'S WHAT.
THEY'VE BEEN FEISTY THESE DAYS, SO I BET THEY'RE BRINGING IN QUITE THE PROFIT.

OH YES, IT IS.
.....

SEE YOU...

YEP...

SEE YOU TOMORROW, THEN.

TOMOR-ROW...?

TRY NOT TO ROT TO DEATH NOW.

YOU HAVE A TOMOR-ROW...

NOT LIKE...

CRASH...

CLACK...

.....

IT'S OPEN?

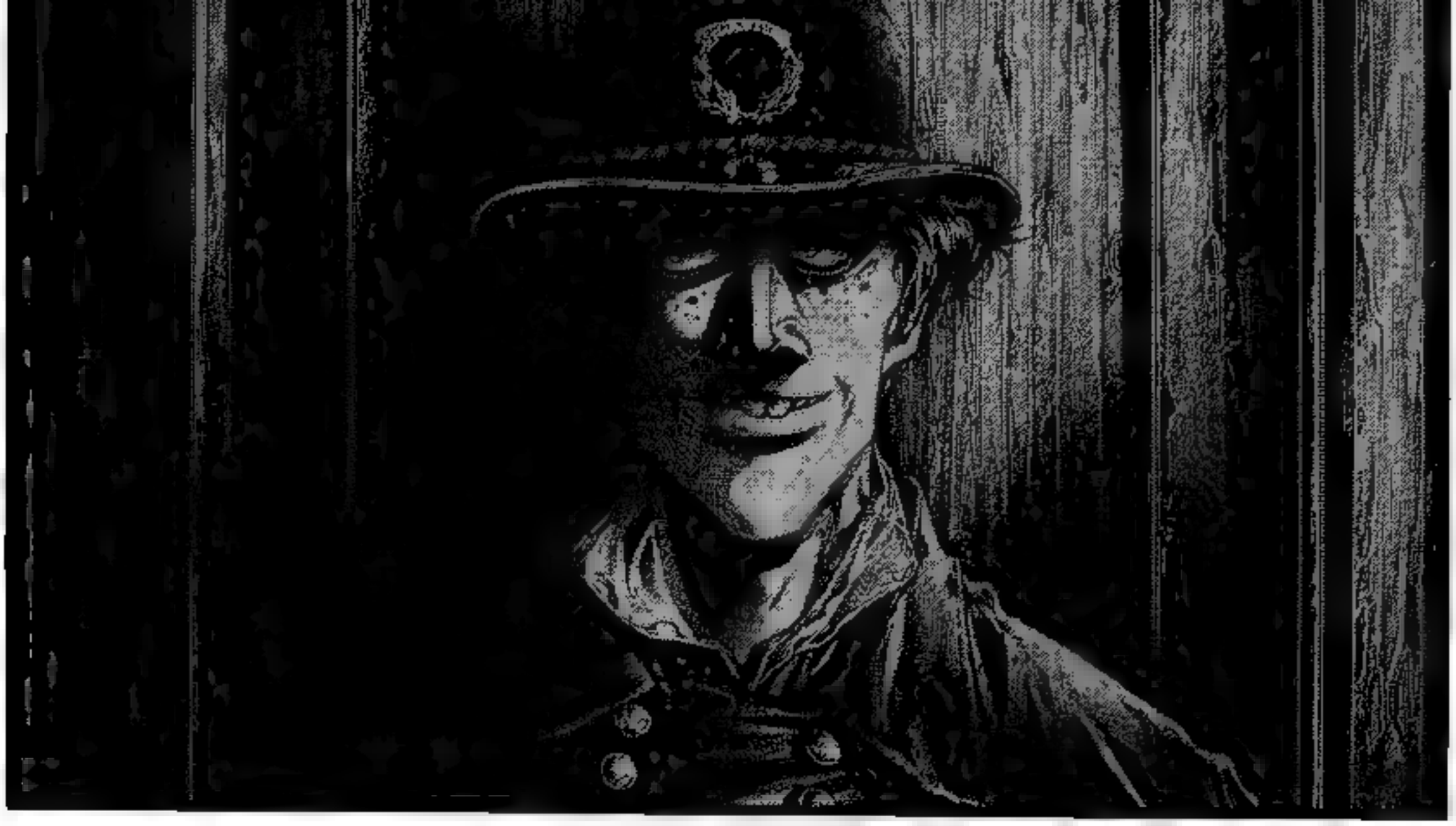
HEHE...

CLACK

GUESS I DRANK TOO MUCH.

WHAT?

DID I FORGET TO LOCK IT...?



NEED SOME... LIGHT.
TEETER
TEETER
LIGHT.

SLIP

WHAT, THEN?

ARE YOU ASKING ME TO LISTEN TO THAT MAGGOT?

NOT TO MENTION

KILLING A POLICE OFFICER WHO'S CURRENTLY BACKING US.

BOSS... YOU REALLY SURE ABOUT THIS?

KILLING A POLICE OFFICER ALONE IS A HEAVY CRIME.

SUCKS THE BONES CLEAN?

OR TO WAIT UNTIL THAT HYENA...

!!

GAH

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!

I...I'M A POLICE OFFICER! TOUCH ME AND...

TH... THAT GUN-SWORD...

YOU... YOU CAN'T BE...

THE GRIM REAPER.

GUESS EVEN THE GRIM REAPER HIMSELF MAKES HIS SHARE OF STUPID MISTAKES.

HEH... HEHEH...YOU SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME.

SLIP

LISTEN CAREFULLY. THE ONE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KILL IS THE FAT COP!

NOT ME!

YOU GOT THE WRONG TARGET, YOU GODDAMN FOOL!

I'M THE ONE WHO REQUESTED YOUR CURRENT JOB!

IT'S YOU.

Target

...THAT OLD GEEZER...

.....

ANOTHER OFFICER WILL COME TO BACK US...

THIS WILL CHANGE NOTHING.

FILLING THE HANDS OF SOME UPPER LEVEL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS MADE THEM QUICKLY CONSENT.

AND ANOTHER SLIMY POLICE OFFICER WILL DISAPPEAR FROM FIVE POINTS.

THAT'S ALL.

HOW MUCH ARE THEY PAYING YOU? HOW MUCH DO YOU GET FOR KILLING ME...

H...HEY, MAN...

C'MON, DO ME THIS FAVOR...

I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE...

LET ME GO, AND I'LL PAY YOU DOUBLE...HOW DOES THAT SOUND...?

$50? $100?

!?

CLANG

ESSSH

CRASH

RUSTLE

RUSTLE

RUSTLE

BA

YOU FUCKIN' PIECE OF SHIT !!!

GO TO HEL...

RF

SPLAT

SPLAT

SLIP

THAT'S...

MY PAY...

ARP

$10...

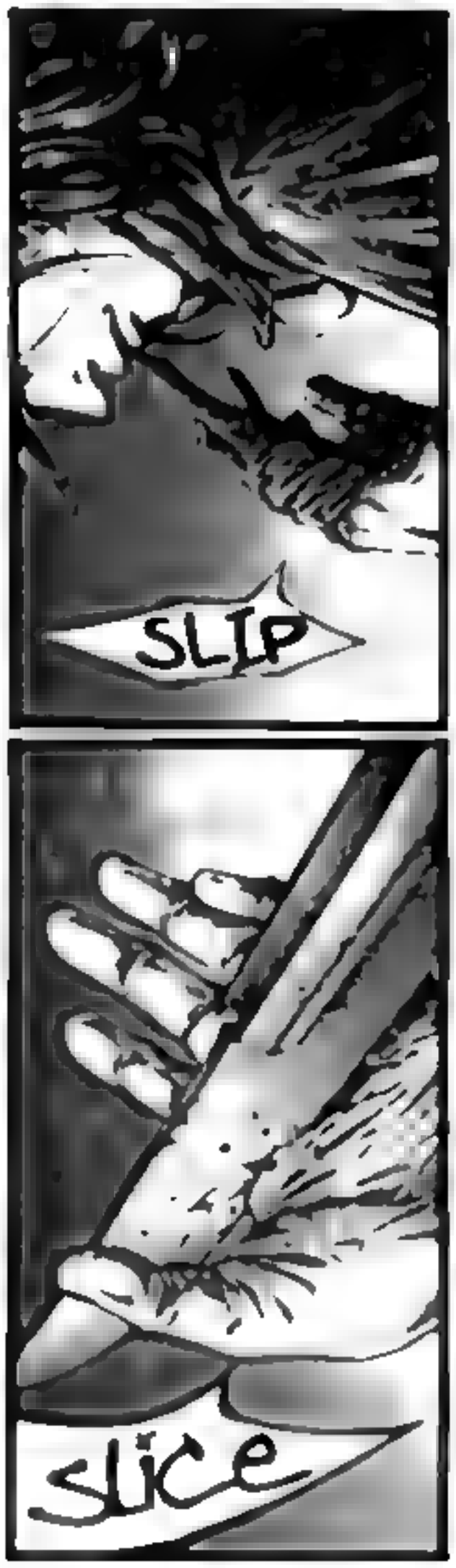
A PERSON ...

IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL.

SPARE ...ME...

S...

BLAM!!


SLIP
SLICE

GRIP
DRIP
DRIP

SORRY...

GENE McDOWELL'S BAR

GLANCE

LUKE...

WAS IT?

BY THE WAY, BRAD.

HOW IS YOUR BROTHER ...?

FINE...

THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

THIRTEEN YEARS...

HAVE PASSED ALREADY, HUH?

WHEN WE FIRST MET, HE WAS ON YOUR SHOULDERS AS YOU GLARED AT ME.

BUT THOSE EYES OF YOURS WERE SO SHARP.

YOU WERE JUST A CHILD, 6 YEARS OLD.

AND THINK HOW GLAD I AM THAT I PICKED YOU UP.

I... REMEMBER THE SCENE OFTEN.

WHO'S THANK-FUL...

I'M THE ONE...

IF YOU HADN'T PICKED ME UP,

I NEVER WOULD HAVE TURNED OUT LIKE THIS...

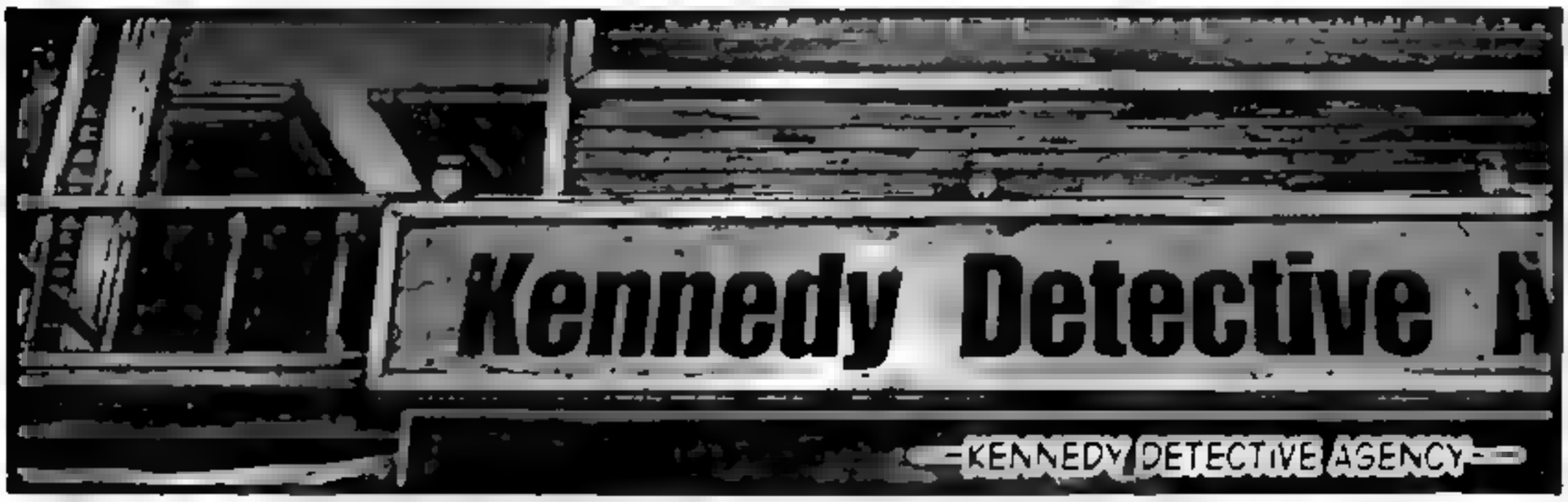
SLAM

AKA THE GRIM REAPER

BRAD BURNS...

WHAT A FRIGHTENING MAN...

jangle...


Kennedy Detective A
KENNEDY DETECTIVE AGENCY

THANK YOU.
$10 DOLLARS.

ANY NEW INFORMATION?

AND?

PLEASE WAIT JUST A BIT LONGER.

FLIP

TRACING SOMEONE'S FOOTSTEPS TAKES BOTH TIME AND MONEY...

THIS HAPPENED TEN YEARS AGO, AFTER ALL.

SMILE

SORRY, BUT I HAVE NO NEW INFORMATION FOR YOU THIS TIME.

...STILL, THOUGH.

I'M A BIT CONFUSED.

JINGLE

YUP.

JINGLE

ALRIGHT... I'M COUNTING ON YOU.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO FIND YOUR FATHER SO BADLY?

WHAT PURPOSE COULD THERE BE IN MEETING HIM NOW?

YOU PARTED WAYS WITH HIM 14 WHOLE YEARS AGO, CORRECT?

MY FATHER...

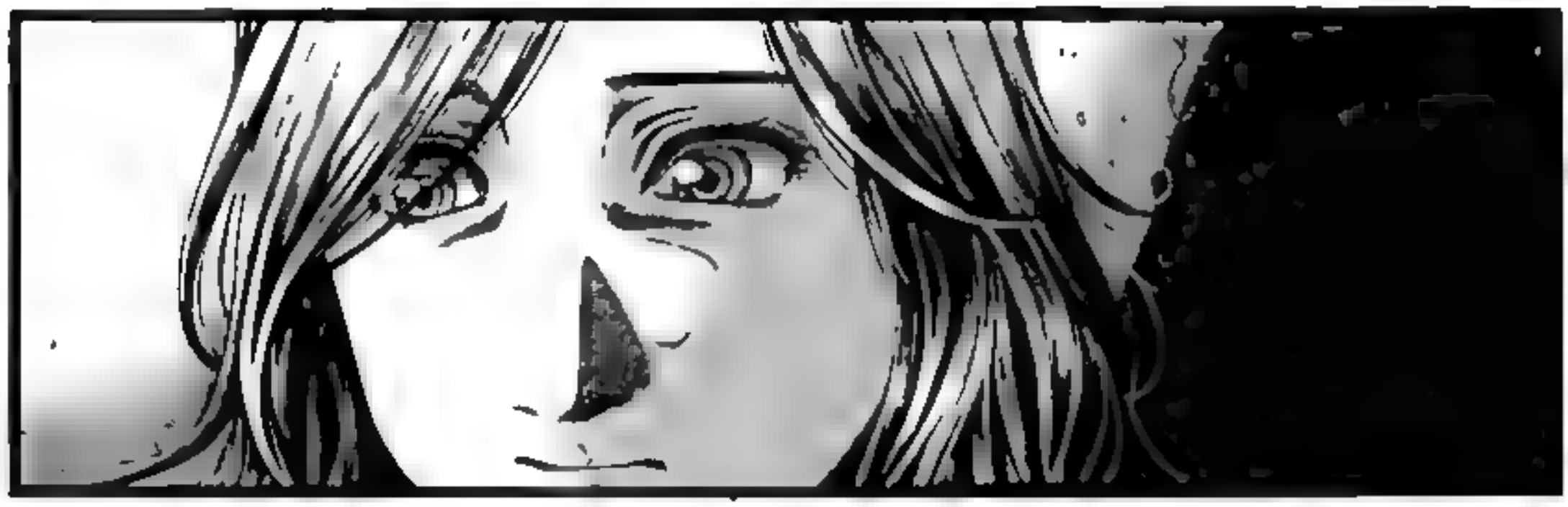
I'M GOING TO FIND...

AND KILL HIM

WITH THESE HANDS.

Chapter 3 / END

Chapter 4 Frenzy



SO HOW'D YOUR JOB GO?

ANY CLUES ABOUT YOUR FATHER?

I SEE...

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF QUITTING WHAT YOU DO?

BRAD,

LIAR.

...

I'M USED TO IT NOW.

YOUR ACTUAL GOAL IS YOUR FATHER, RIGHT?

BUT YOU GO ON KEEPING SECRETS FROM YOUR BROTHER, KILLING PEOPLE YOU DON'T WANT TO KILL.

AFTER EVERY TIME YOU GO ON A JOB,

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE IN SO MUCH PAIN...

EMMA... AND YOU?

HM?

creak

AND LOOK AT YOUR HAND...

YOU TRY TO ESCAPE THAT PAIN BY HURTING YOURSELF...

I'VE BEEN TREATED LIKE A SLAVE MY WHOLE LIFE.

ME? HAHA, I'M ALREADY USED TO IT.

DOESN'T IT GET PAINFUL FOR YOU?

YOUR WORK...

WHAT PAIN FEELS LIKE...

I'VE LONG FORGOTTEN...

HE MIGHT GET ANGRY AGAIN.

ALRIGHT, BETTER TO LEAVE EARLY AND GO TO YOUR BROTHER.

There was a group called the sweaters, who pretended to be brokers. This group specialized in picking up girls who had just arrived in America, and had no job or money. In the sweatshops and whore-houses of the slums, just by handing over an advance amount of 5 dollars, you could work these women to the bone. And though this system of slavery came to be known as the shame of the South, in the North it was a different story...

GENE McDOWELL'S BAR

creak
GENE McDOWELL'S BAR

THIS EARLY...DID SOMETHING HAPPEN?
K-KIP!

THE OLD MAN, IS HE IN?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YA DOING, OLD MAN?!

HA HA HA

STOP PLAYING DUMB!!

SLAM!!!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

BUT YOU PROMISED YOU'D LET ME TAKE CARE OF THE NEXT HIT!

I HEARD THAT THE ONE WHO KILLED THAT FUCKING COP WAS THE GRIM REAPER!

AND I CAN DO IT MUCH BETTER THAN THAT FUCKING KID.

LISTEN. I DON'T CARE ABOUT NO GRIM REAPER. KILLING IS SOMETHING I CAN DO.

WHAT? COLLECTING MONEY FROM THE WHORE HOUSE? ARE YA KIDDING ME?

YOU ALREADY HAVE A JOB, DON'T YOU?

...

I CAN'T KEEP DOING SOME WORTHLESS JOB.

GET THIS STRAIGHT. I WILL TAKE OVER AND LEAD THIS ORGANIZATION AFTER YOU!

WORTHLESS JOB, EH?

IS THIS THE WAY YOU TALK TO YOUR BOSS?

MUMBLE...

KRIK...

KRIK...

KIP...

WHAT IS OUR GOAL?

KRIK...

KRIK...

SAY IT!

KRIK...

KRIK...

THE GRAVE DIGGERS...

TAKING CONTROL OF THE SIXTH ADMINISTRA-TIVE DISTRICT BY US, THE IRISH GANG CALLED...

IF THAT'S THE CASE, YOU BETTER HAVE A FIRM GRIP ON THE WORK WE DO.

AND DONT GET JEALOUS OF YOUR COMRADES.

AND JUST LIKE YOU SAID...

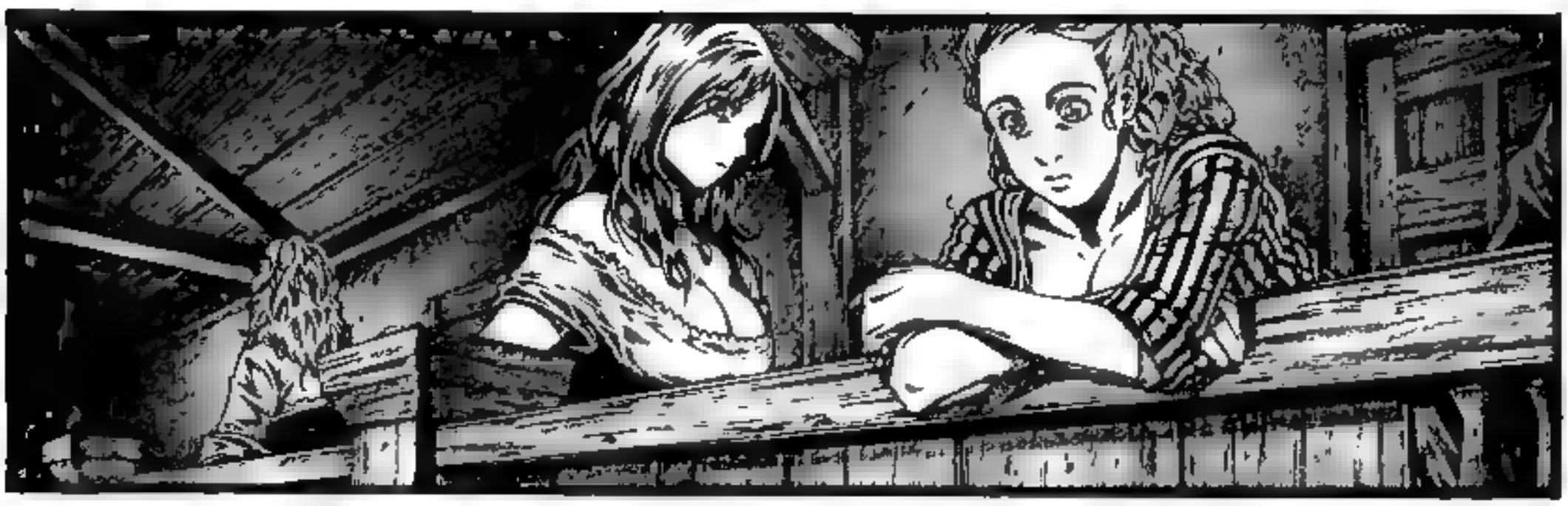
YOU WILL LEAD THIS ORGANIZA-TION ONE DAY.

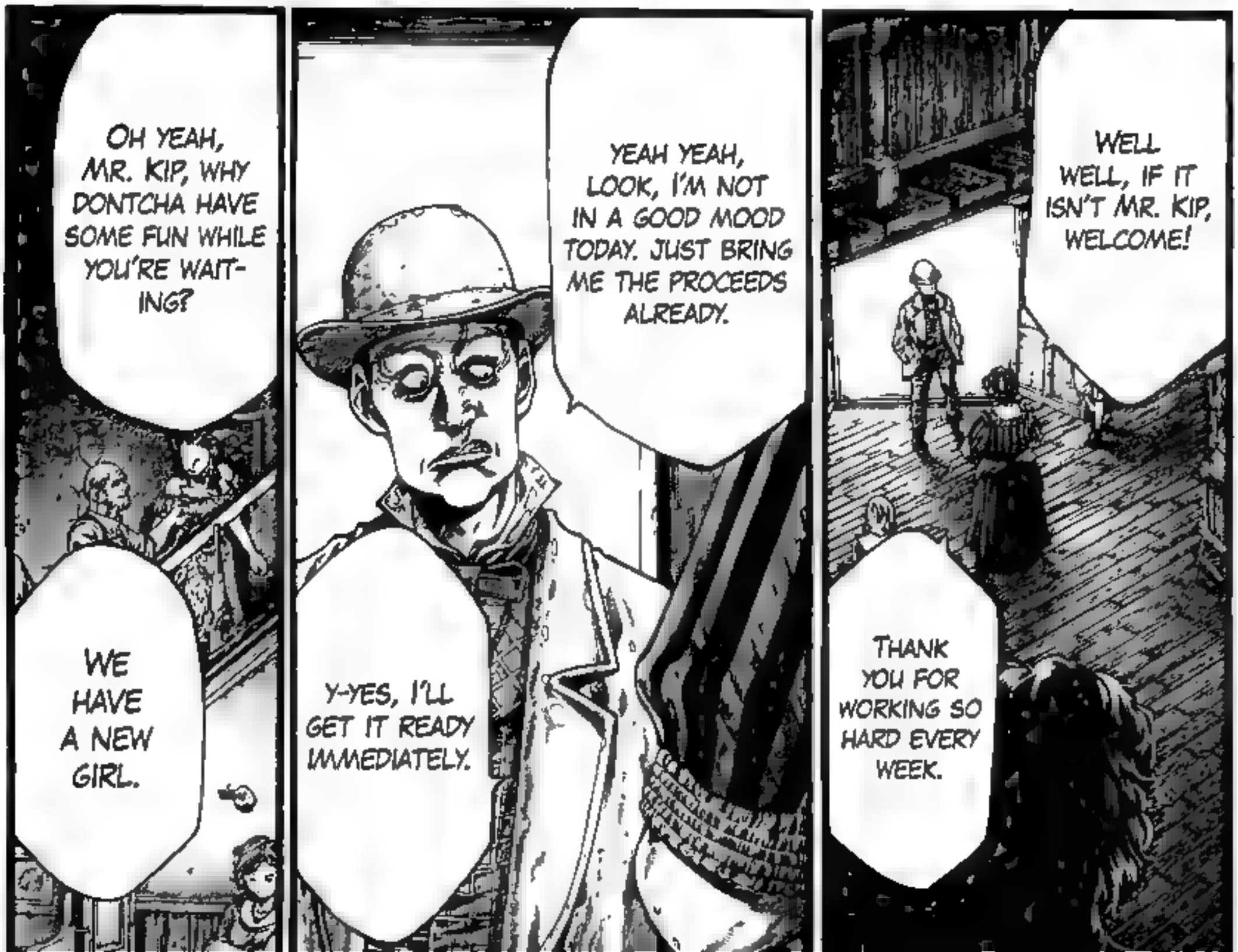
THUD

HOW ABOUT TREATING ME LIKE YOUR SON FOR ONCE?

TSK.. SERIOUSLY...

SALOON
WELCOME!
HEY MISTER, WHY DONTCHA COME IN?




OH YEAH, MR. KIP, WHY DONTCHA HAVE SOME FUN WHILE YOU'RE WAITING?
WE HAVE A NEW GIRL.
YEAH YEAH, LOOK, I'M NOT IN A GOOD MOOD TODAY. JUST BRING ME THE PROCEEDS ALREADY.
Y-YES, I'LL GET IT READY IMMEDIATELY.
WELL WELL, IF IT ISN'T MR. KIP, WELCOME!
THANK YOU FOR WORKING SO HARD EVERY WEEK.

AND THERE'S ALSO THE RUMOUR THAT HE'S UNBELIEVABLY SPOILT...

HEY MS. EMMA, WHO IS THAT?

KIP MCDOWELL.

THE SON OF THE BOSS OF THE GRAVE DIGGERS GANG.

COMING.

KAREN! PLEASE COME DOWN.

OH, THE BOSS'S SON, EH?

SO IF I GET HIM TO LIKE ME, I CAN MAKE SOME GOOD MONEY, RIGHT?

MAKING ME LOOK LIKE A DAMN FOOL...

TCH! THAT FUCKING OLD MAN...

I HEARD THAT YOU'RE THE SON OF THE BOSS OF THE GRAVE DIGGERS,

IS IT TRUE?

AH?

MR. KIP...

Glance...

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A GANG BOSS'S WOMAN.

IT'D BE SO GREAT...

WELL, ONE DAY, THAT GANG IS GOING TO BE MINE.

THAT DEPENDS ON HOW WELL YOU'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF ME.

HEHE,

REALLY?! THAT'S AMAZING!

HAHA, ALRIGHT, GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT.

REALLY?! WELL THEN, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU REAL NICE.

HEY...

WHAT'S WRONG?

TUG

LOOKS CUTE...

...OH...

SALOON

AAAA

HUH... WHAT ...?

SLAM

IS IT STILL FUNNY TO YOU?

YO, WHAT HAPPENED?

IF YOU STILL THINK IT'S FUNNY...

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

ANSWER ME...

YOU FUCKING WHORE !!!

ANSWER ME!! IF YOU STILL THINK IT'S FUNNY !!!

DON'T BE STUPID, WHERE ARE WE GOING TO GET THAT KIND OF MONEY FROM?

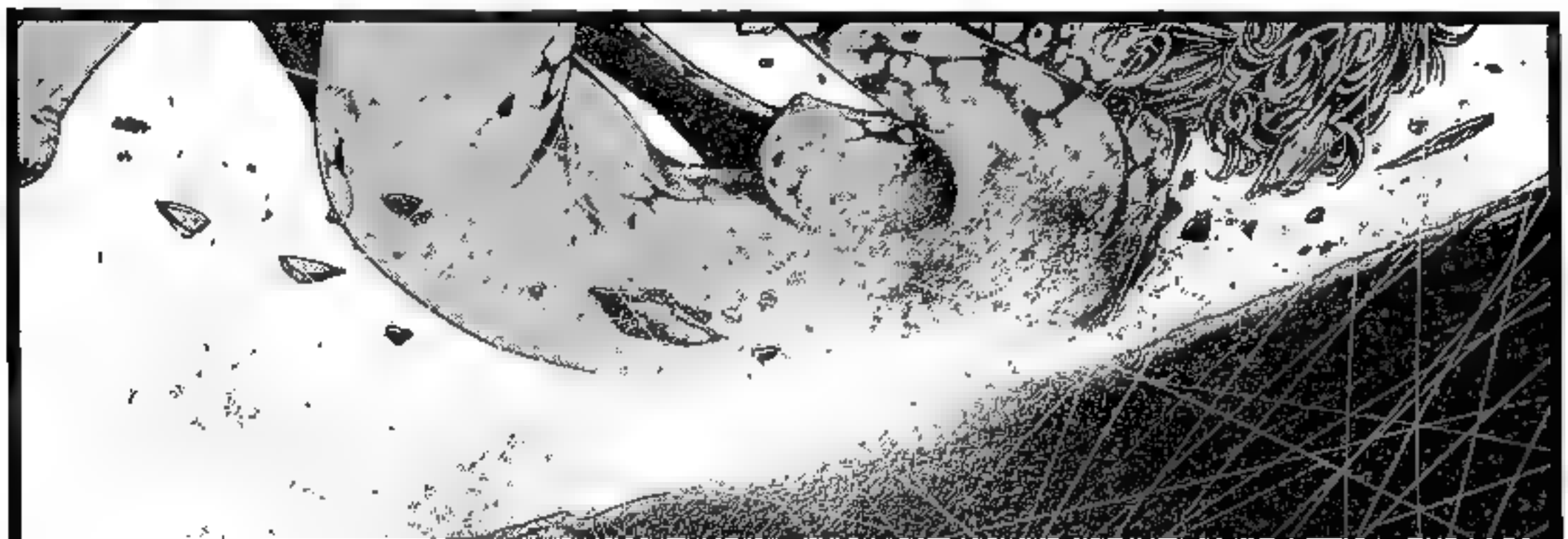
MAN LUKE, I REALLY FEEL LIKE HAVING STEAK TONIGHT.

I'D BE HAPPY, IF YOU SAID STUFF LIKE THAT AFTER YOU GET A JOB.

WELL, BIG BRO...

AW COME ON, WE SHOULD EAT SOMETHING NUTRITIOUS ONCE IN A WHILE.

.....



WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPEN-ED!?

WHO... WHAT THE... SOMEONE CAME FALLING FROM ABOVE!

WOAH, THAT'S MESSED UP.

SALOON

Chapter 4 / END

STEP
STEP
STEP
STEP
STEP
STEP

Chapter 5 Smile

HELP...
ME...

GET A GRIP! CAN YOU SPEAK?

COVER

HEY! A-ARE YOU ALRIGHT?!

RUSTLE

SALOON

BRAD!!

!?

GIVE ME A HAND HERE!

WHAT ARE Y'ALL DOING JUST STARING?

...

...

IF WE DON'T TAKE HER...

TO A DOCTOR...

PHYSICIAN

Dr. H. Baker

REALLY? THANK GOD...

I WAS ABLE TO STOP THE BLEEDING FOR NOW, IF LUCK'S ON HER SIDE, SHE'LL LIVE.

VSSH VSSH VSSH

...

OH YEAH, SORRY, I'LL GIVE YOU WHATEVER I HAVE WITH ME FOR NOW.

...NO...

SO ARE YOU A FRIEND OF HERS OR SOMETHING?

RUSTLE RUSTLE

AND I'LL BRING THE REST LATER FOR SURE.

I HAVE TO GET SOMONE TO PAY FOR HER TREATMENT, YOU KNOW.

OKAY, THAT'S NOT GOOD.

WHY ARE YOU GOING SO FAR FOR HER?

SHE'S A STRANGER TO YOU ISN'T SHE?

I DON'T KNOW...

PHYSICIAN
Dr. H. Baker

HMMM...

IT WAS KIP.

H-HE'S THE ONE WHO DID THAT TO HER...

I KNOW.

YEAH...

clench

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE FACT THAT EVERYONE FEARS HIS FATHER, HE KNOWS NO ONE WOULD OPEN THEIR MOUTH...

EMMA...

H-HE ALWAYS COMES TO THE SHOP AND DOES WHATEVER HE WANTS...

DON'T THINK...

OF DOING SOMETHING STUPID.

IT WAS ME... WHO BROUGHT HER HERE ...

THAT GIRL WHOM KIP ALMOST KILLED... IT WAS ME...

IDLE

DESPITE ALL THAT, WHY?

IT HAS BEEN ONLY 2 DAYS SINCE SHE CAME TO THE SHOP.

TOLD HER THAT IT'D BE SAFE HERE, THAT I'D TAKE CARE OF HER...

SHE WAS BEGGING ON THE STREETS, AND I BROUGHT HER TO THE SALOON...

I SAID I'D TAKE CARE OF HER...

EVEN THOUGH I MADE A PROMISE TO HER...

BRAD.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FROM THAT SALOON...

WHO'S THAT?

IT'S JUST THAT THE WOUND ON HER FACE...

THAT GIRL, H- HOW'S SHE DOING?

SHE'S FINE, THE DOCTOR SAID THAT SHE WOULD SURVIVE.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

STEP

I'M SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE.

ER... EXCUSE ME.

GRIN

AND THAT WAY, I THINK SHE WOULD ALSO FEEL A LITTLE BETTER.

PLEASE TRY TO SMILE A LITTLE.

W-WHAT?

HEY, YOU KNOW, IT'S NOT GOOD TO HAVE SUCH A PAINFUL LOOK ON YOUR FACE.

ALRIGHT, WE'RE HEADING BACK.

YEAH...

OKAY, SHALL WE GO HOME, BRAD?

I THINK I UNDERSTAND IT A LITTLE NOW.

BRAD...

AND STILL KEEP YOUR HUMANITY.

THE REASON WHY YOU CAN LIVE IN 5 POINTS.

SALOON

SLAM

WELL, WHO WAS IT?

HUH?!

I HEARD MOST OF THE STORY FROM MY SON.

I-IS THAT SO?, WE TOO WOULDN'T WANT TO AGGRAVATE THINGS REGARDING THIS INCIDENT.

MR. GENE...

I SAID WHO WAS THE PIECE OF SHIT WHO CUT UP A GIRL FROM MY SHOP?!

MR. GENE...

BUT...

GLANCE

.....

MY SON SAYS HE DIDN'T SEE ANYONE.

THERE MUST BE SOMEONE AMONGST ALL OF YOU WHO LAID EYES ON THE BASTARD.

GLARE

S...

BUT WE DIDN'T SEE ANYONE.
SORRY...

SO DONT YA WORRY.

I'LL FIND THE GUY AND I'LL TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB.

PAT

POPS, WHY DON'T YA CALM DOWN?

THEY SAID THEY DIDN'T SEE ANYONE.

THIS IS ALSO MY RESPON-SIBILITY.

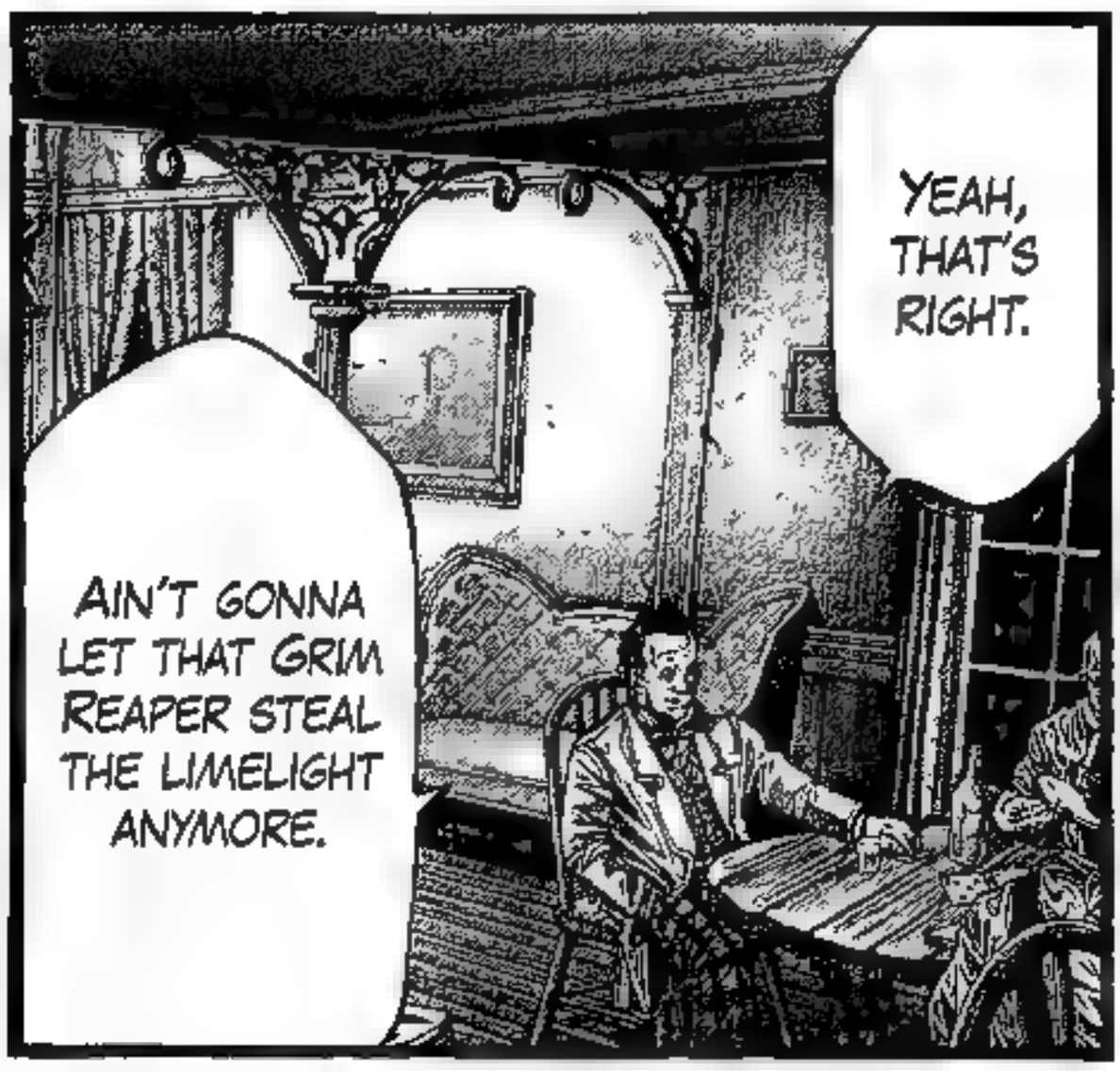
AND THIS SHOP IS UNDER MY CONTROL.

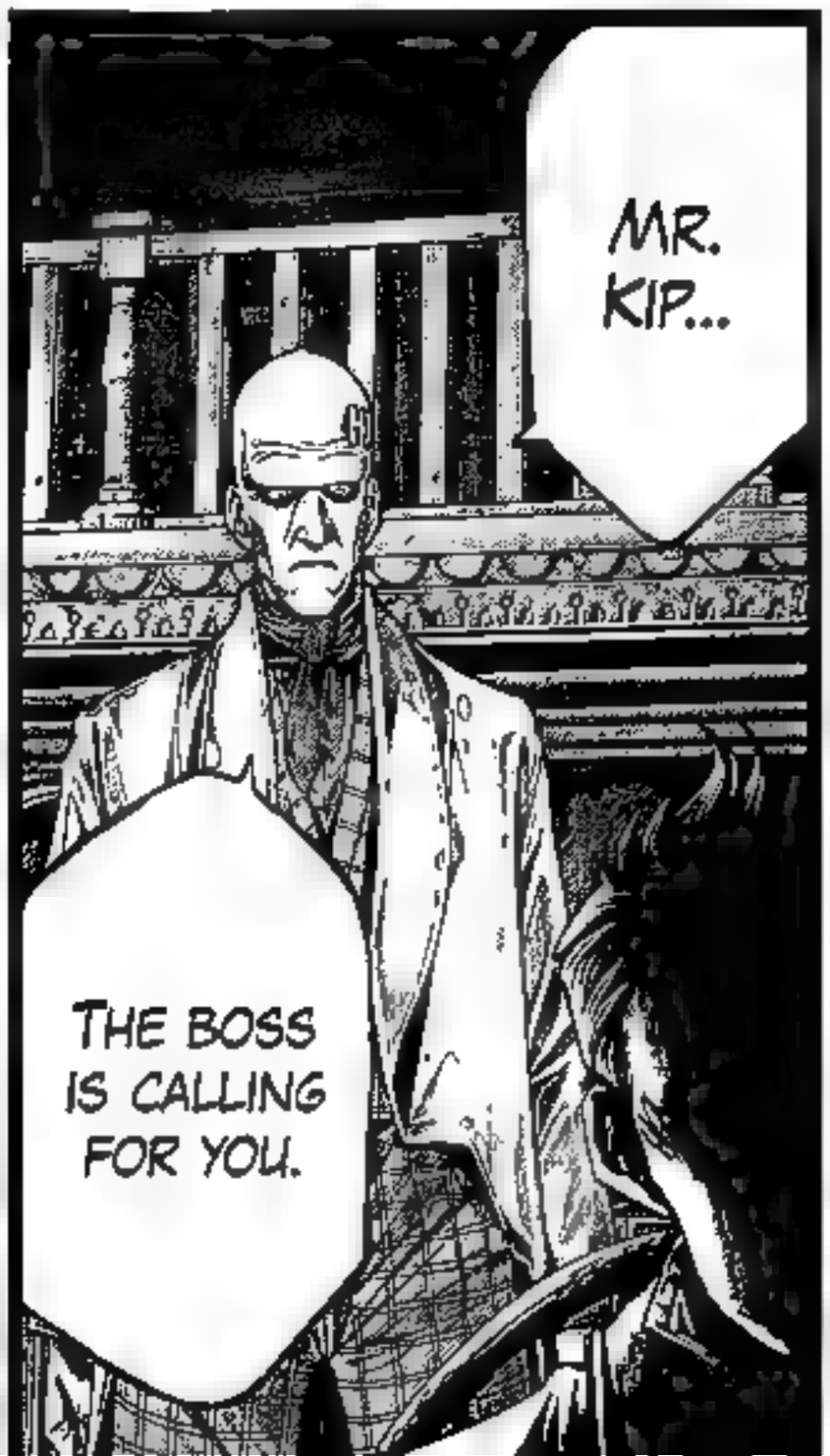
AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME, HAHA.

POPS, LET'S LEAVE FOR TODAY.

Chapter 5 / END

Chapter 6 Murder





BRAD, THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE...

THE GRIM REAPER...

TCH

SO, YOU SAID YOU FOUND THE GUY FROM THE SALOON INCIDENT?

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE HIM TODAY'S FUCKING HIT!

BUT POPS! WHY THE HELL IS BRAD HERE?!

YEAH, I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA.

HEHEHE, THAT'S A RELIEF.

IT'S GONNA BE ALRIGHT, YOU DON'T NEED BRAD. YOU CAN TRUST ME WITH THE GRAVE DIGGERS, YOU KNOW.

NO...

LIKE I PROMISED, TODAY'S JOB WILL BE YOURS.

ACCOMPANY-ING YOU ON THIS ONE.

BRAD WILL BE...

A...

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!

AN ESCORT ?!!!

THE TARGET'S JUST SMALL FRY. I DON'T NEED THIS GUY! I CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM MYSELF!!!

LISTEN OLD MAN!

YOU WON'T FOLLOW MY ORDERS?

SO YOU'RE SAYING...

...

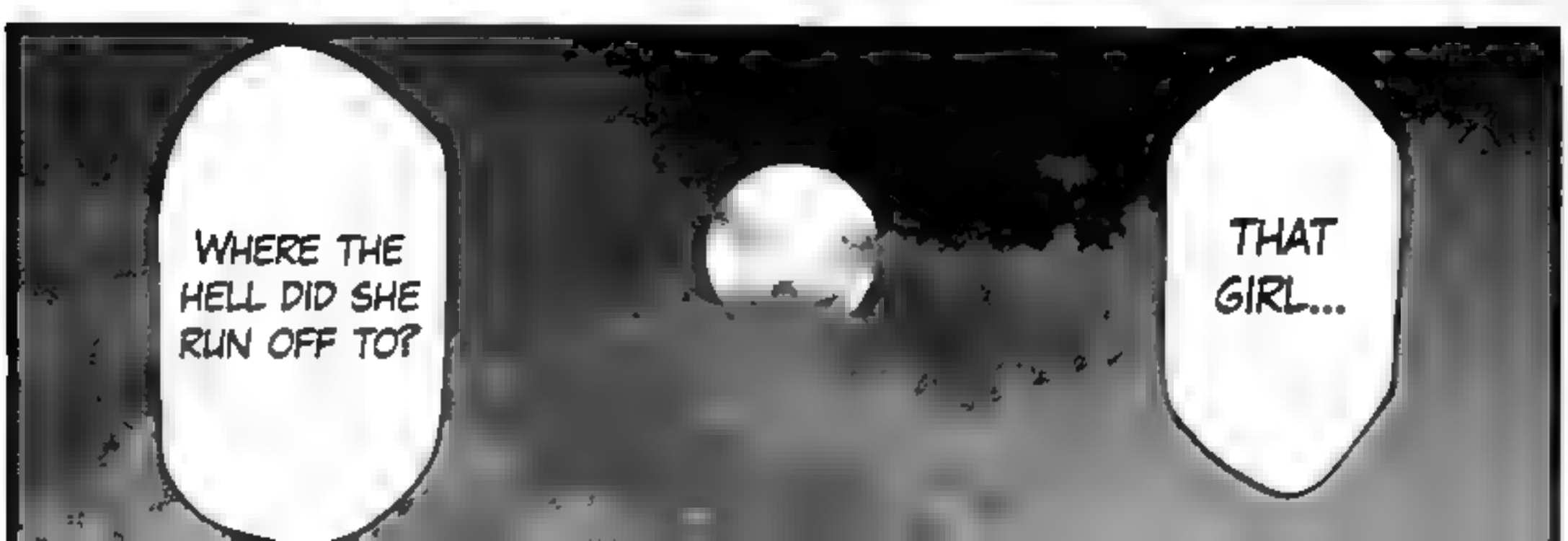
A-ALL RIGHT THEN...

GENE McDOWELL'S

SALOON
EMMA!

EMMA?

THERE'S A CUSTOMER WAITING!
creak
EMMA! ...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?


WHERE THE HELL DID SHE RUN OFF TO?
THAT GIRL...

chirp

DID YA HEAR ANYTHING FROM MY DAD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED RECENTLY?

HEY, BRAD...

NOPE... NOTHING IN PARTICULAR ...

.....

GRAB

BY THE WAY, BRAD...

I HAVE A QUESTION FOR A PROFESSIONAL KILLER LIKE YOU.

OH, OKAY OKAY...

THAT'S FINE THEN, HAHAHA...

HOW DOES IT FEEL...

TO KILL SOMEONE?

I BET YOU'RE JUST LIKE ME.

YOU GET PLEASURE FROM KILLING PEOPLE, AND THAT'S WHY YOU CHOSE THIS LINE OF WORK, RIGHT?

HE HE

I GET TURNED ON, JUST THINKING ABOUT IT...

FLICK

THAT SECOND WHEN THE LAST BREATH LEAVES THE BODY.

OR THAT MOMENT WHEN THE LIGHT DISSAPEARS FROM THE EYES.

HEH, I DON'T REALLY CARE...

WHO THE TARGET IS, DO I?

GRIN

BY THE WAY, MR. KIP, WHAT ABOUT THE TARGET?

O-OH YEAH.

OOH...

OKAY, I STILL NEED TO LOOK FOR A SUITABLE TARGET...

THAT'S THE GUY.

STEP

STAY SHARP, ALRIGHT?

YO BRAD,

LET'S GET THIS DONE.

ALRIGHT,

K4-CHAK

NOW THAT YOU'RE GONNA DIE...

HOW DOES IT FEEL?

YOU THERE,

I HAVE NO IDEA WHO YOU ARE, BUT TELL ME SOME-THING.

MMM MMM MMM MHH H!!!

MMM MMM MMM MHH H!!!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

GRIN

MMM MMM MMM MHH H!!!

MORE... MORE...

WHAT'S WRONG? HUH? IT STILL AIN'T ENOUGH...

LET ME HEAR MORE OF THAT VOICE.

MMM MMM MMM MHH H!!!

MMM MMM MMM MHH H!!!

BANG
BANG
BANG

THAT WAS THE BEST...

THANK YOU...

THAT SO?

SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF WORK.

PUFF

I TAKE EVIDENCE TO GIVE TO THE BOSS,

AND THEN I TAKE CARE OF THE BODY.

HEY BRAD, I'M DONE HERE.

SO WHAT DO YOU USUALLY DO AFTER THIS?

OKAY! I'LL LEAVE THAT TO YOU.

I'M GONNA HEAD BACK.

I'M SORRY...

RA

STAS

EMMA...

Chapter 6 / END

Chapter 7 Compensation

THAT BITCH

FUCKIN' SHOT Me !!!!

SHOT ME...

SHE...

FUCK-ING... SHOT ME...

SHE...

KILL HeR BRAD..

KILL THAT BITCH!

LET'S

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MAN DID...

YOU SAW HOW SHE WAS AFTER SHE GOT CUT UP.

BRAD...

PLEASE STAND ASIDE.

PRESS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY.

I WON'T ASK YOU FOR HELP.

H-HEY! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

KILL HER!!

PIECE OF SHIT ON MY OWN!

CLICK

I WILL KILL THAT...

BRAD!

B...

CLINK

BRAD...

BUT IN THE END...

OF COURSE, I ALMOST FORGOT.

HE... HEHE HE...

YOU'RE THE SAME.

I-I THOUGHT THAT YOU AT LEAST WERE DIFFERENT.

A GANG MEMBER WHO DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT PEOPLE'S LIVES!

YOU'RE JUST THE SAME AS THEM!!

AH

KILL THE BITCH NOW!
BRAD, THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!

YOU MISSED ...!!
Y...

SOB

YES...

DO YOU KNOW...

FWIP

GRIP

GRIP

PULL

WHERE MY HOUSE IS...?

GET HIM TO TREAT YOUR WOUND.

LUKE SHOULD BE THERE.

TIGHTEN

WORTH IT...

HE ISN'T...

DIRTYING YOUR HANDS.

HE ISN'T WORTH...

BRAD!

GO.

SOB

$10.

THAT...

WILL BE MY COMPEN-SATION.

BRAD.

THANK YOU,

H-HE... LET HER GO...

SCB

WHY DIDN'T YA KILL HER?!

BRAD! WHAT THE HELL ARE YA DOING?

LISTEN TA ME!

THIS IS GOING STRAIGHT TO THE OLD MAN, YA HEAR?

YOU BAS-TARD ...

YOU DO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS IF YA GO AGAINST ME, DON'T YA?!!

WHA...

SIS!

DON'T WORRY, EMMA.

Getting my hands dirty is my job.

Chapter 7 / END

作画スタッフ

伊駒留美　*IKOMA RUMI*
森拓也　*MORI TAKUYA*
山本千洋　*YAMAMOTO CHIHIRO*

GREEN BLOOD

TO BE CONTINUED...

次巻予告

NEXT VOLUME ANNOUNCEMENT!!

死神（ブラッド）、怒りの咆哮（ほうこう）！

THE ROAR OF THE GRIM REAPER, BRAD'S ANGER!!

エマの依頼だけじゃねえ!!

ひとりの男としてキップが許せねえ!!

ブラッドは、ボスの命令を無視して

ドラ息子に銃口を向け、撃鉄を起こす。

外道の命を奪うために――。

その後、物語は**新展開**に突入し、

ブラッドの前に新たな敵が現れる!!

対抗勢力「アイアン・バタフライ」が動き出す!!

IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT EMMA'S REQUEST, AS A HUMAN BEING HE COULD NEVER FORGIVE KIP!

BRAD IGNORES THE BOSS'S ORDERS, POINTS A GUN TOWARDS HIS SPOILT SON AND COCKS IT.

IN ORDER TO TAKE A LIFE WHICH HAS WANDERED INTO THE WRONG PATH.

AND AFTER THAT, A NEW DEVELOPMENT ARISES IN THE STORY, NEW ENEMIES APPEAR IN FRONT OF BRAD!

AN OPPOSING GANG THE IRON BUTTERFLY, HAVE MADE THEIR MOVE!!

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著　者　柿崎正澄（かきざきまさすみ）
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